



SLUG

AUGUST 96 ISSUE #92

FREE

Elvis
Christ

THE SCARIEST MAN ON THE
FACE OF THE EARTH

SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

• Therapy? • Into Another • Horoscope
Serial Killer of the Month • Mr. Pink Video
Review • Tons of shit you will hate...



DR AUNCH

A Fucked Up Place To Get Some Shit

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—SLUG STAFF

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dear

dickheads...

Dear
Dickheads,
What is with this
McClellan guy (Bustin the
Nut July 96)??? The Obvious
DOES SUCK whether you like
them or not. They are not, nor
have they ever been the best
rock & roll band to come out
of S.L.C. and create a hype
about themselves in a legiti-
mate music town. You are
OBVIOUSLY not from here, or
you'd know the routine. First
you wait until a trend is
almost over, then you start it
up in Utah. Then you play
local clubs till they are sick of
you. Then you come out with
a self produced record that
you sell to your groupies at
shows. Then you go to L.A.
and lose alot of money play-
ing at places like The
Whiskey, The Troubadour,
The Rainbow or The Roxy.
Then you sign some bogus
deal with an obscure label or
management company who
fucks you out of all your
money. They are not the first,
and certainly not the best.
There were hundreds before
them. Better bands who got
screwed and came back to
S.L.C. with their tails between
their legs. Just ask any of the
following...The Lawyers, The
Villains, Wolfgang (the first
one), Lois Lane, Megattack,
Roy Jones, The Jack, The
Bachelors, The Pedestrians,
Paradox, Lixx, Kid Blast, Bad
Boyz, Only A Test, Wumbly's
and so on and so on. It's pret-
ty clear that your band
LUGNUT also blows and now
we know why. Your head is so
far up the Obvious' ass that
you can no longer play.

—Dooby
ED: DAVE FINALLY GETS A
LETTER! You don't know how
happy he will be.

Dear Dickheads,
I read SLUG faithfully

and have for years. I just
want to know one thing. Why
do you always rip on Grid?
Just like you did Diesel. I
don't know anyone who reads
Grid and all I ever see is big
stacks of it that no one picks
up. Don't you think it just
gives them more attention
when you say how much they
suck? (and they do suck bad)
Your loyal slave,
Michelle

ED: Slave? well... It's simple.
Grid is a part of a corporate
monopoly that has one thing
going for it. MONEY. Big
money. United Concerts = X96
= Grid. They supply mass
marketing and mass media for
the mindless. United Concerts
is the big promoter in town.
That's fine, but when have
they ever taken a chance on a
show? X96 is a small fish in a
smaller pond that survives
because there is NO college
radio in Utah, so they pretend
they are. Meanwhile they play
disco and dance hits from the
late 80's. Grid is there so X96
and United Concerts can
advertise in a paper they have
control over. Grid is poorly
written drivel that is un-
inventive and completely
unimaginative. Look in any
issue for anything that may
be considered offensive. No,
because they are afraid to piss
anyone off. That's how pup-
pets work, they do what
they're told. (God I'm on a
rant, watch out Dennis!) All
the while they pretend to sup-
port local independent music.
Not true. They are the corpo-
rate mogul. SLUG also gets
big record company ads, but
not at the expense of the writ-
ing, but because people read
it. I can't take credit for that.

SLUG was created by JR
Ruppel, who did it for the
unspoken for crowd of which
he belonged. He also did it for
free tattoos. I respect him for
what he created, and so did
SLUG readers. He might be a
flake and an asshole, but I
respect him nonetheless. Grid
is for the Media Play and
Blockbuster crowd. I have too
many good friends who own
independent record stores to
not support them. Kevin @
Heavy Metal Shop, Rick @
Salt City, Brad @ Raunch
Drake @ Modified and Nick @
Gray Whale, to name a few. I
support them because I want
them to stay in business and
not get eaten up by a big
corporate record chain. I hope
that answers your question.

Dear Dickheads,
What's up with the
Raunch ad? I know it's like a
big fuckin joke to everybody
to make fun of the Mormon
Church, and that's fine
because you're all a bunch of
sheep anyway. But don't
EVER link us to white
supremacy again! People
would be up in arms if it had
references to any other church
or racial slurs, but it seems
like it's OK when it's The
Mormon Church. What's
pathetic about this, is that
most of the people that either
read this magazine or shop at
Raunch are Mormon, or have
been raised in Mormon fami-
lies. You're Mormon aren't
you Brad? Have a little digni-
ty and realize how ignorant it
is to make fun of people for
what they believe, or is being
a hypocrite the new cool
thing?
—Mike Knowles

Dear Dickheads
2120 South
700 East
St H-200
S.L.C. UT 84106

Mr. Pink's Video Review

OK, last month I slammed *To Die For* & got a letter from Helen (no she's not dead) urging me to see *Striptease*. Oh well, when you work with morons...

This month there's some real gems and some real piles of shit. Let's begin with the worst of the month, maybe even the whole year. *The Juror* w/Demi Moore & Alec Baldwin. So bad that the bad acting argues with the bad story all movie long.

Another loser flick is *Swoon*, the story of two supposed genius guys who think they can commit the perfect crime, except they leave blood, glasses oh yeah and *THE BODY* at the crime scene.

Segway that to *Copycat* with Sigourney Weaver & Harry Connick Jr. Great crimes scenes of historic murders. What else do you want?

Woody Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite* is worth every penny just to hear Mira

Sorvino say "blowjob".

Three hours of listening to Republicans talk out of their ass...? Sort of like spending the day with Rush Limbaugh & Newt Gingrich, but *Nixon* is at least interesting to watch. Unless you're twenty something.

I waited almost a week to get a copy of *12 Monkeys* and it was as disappointing as it was overdone.

Want a real good movie instead...? *An Eye For An Eye* with Sally Fields as a vengeful mom & Kiefer Sutherland as the murderer of her daughter. Guess what happens.

And last but definitely not least, my hot picks of the month.

Four Rooms Too Bizarre to be boring. From dancing topless witches, to toe sucking smoking 6 year olds to the best remake of an Alfred Hitchcock scene ever. All stories visited by a wacked out Tim Roth.

Mr. Holland's Opus Yes, it's a feel good movie but done so very well. Don't miss it.

Last pick is *Dead Man Walking* A great flick with great performances by Sean Penn & Susan Sarandon. Even though you know the story, you want to see it happen. Killer show. No pun intended. Almost brought a tear to the Pink House.

—Mr. Pink

	Great	Good	Shitty
The Juror			✓
Mr. Hollands Opus	✓		
Swoon			✓
Copycat		✓	
Mighty Aphrodite		✓	
Nixon		✓	
12 Monkeys			✓
An Eye For An Eye		✓	
Four Rooms	✓		
Dead Man Walking	✓		

"an eyeful of comedy!"

-Paul Wunder/WBAI RADIO

"Hilarious!...terrific all-star cast!"

-Bill Diehl/ABC Radio Network

"a stellar group of quirky characters!"

-Leslie Blaker/Film Bill

steve
BUSCEMI

samuel l.
JACKSON

anne
MEARA

john
TURTURRO

nicholas
TURTURRO

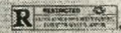


THE SEARCHER
ONE-EYE
JIMMY

With this search team... pray you don't get lost.

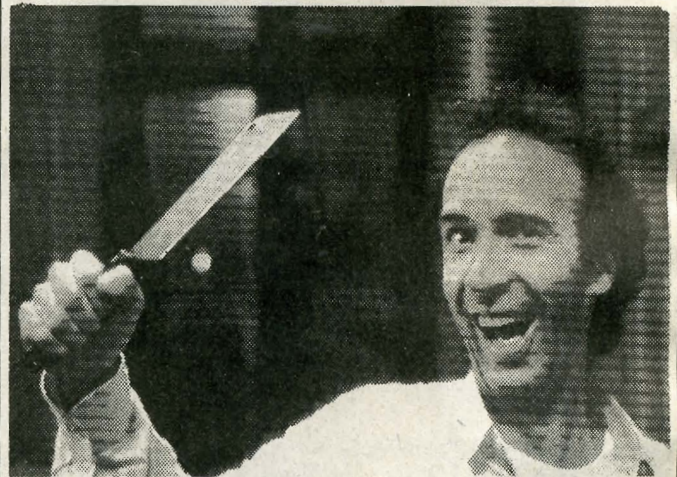


NORTHERN ARTS ENTERTAINMENT RELEASE



CABIN FEVER

Starts August 9th!



ROBERTO
BENIGNI

MICHEL
BLANC

NICOLETTA
BRASCHI

THE MONSTER

Starts August 23 rd!

TOWER THEATRE

876 E. 900 So./297-4040

A man enters a restaurant and sits at the only open table. As he sits down, he knocks the spoon off the table with his elbow. A nearby waiter reaches into his shirt pocket, pulls out a clean spoon and sets it on the table. The diner was impressed. "Do all the waiters carry spoons in their pockets?"

The waiter replied, "Yes. Ever since we had that efficiency expert out; he determined that 20% of our diners knock the spoon off the table. By carrying clean spoons with us, we save trips to the kitchen."

The man ate his meal. As he was paying the waiter, he commented, "Forgive the

intrusion, but do you know that you have a string hanging from your fly?"

The waiter replied, "Yes, we all do. Seems that the same efficiency expert determined that we spend too much time washing our hands after using the men's room. So, the other end of that string is tied to my penis. When I need to go, I simply pull the string, go, and return to work. Having never touched myself, there is no need to wash my hands. Saves a lot of time."

"Wait a minute," said the diner, "how do you get your penis back in your pants?"

"Well, I don't know about the other guys, but I use the spoon."

ode to
wissmushy & littaboombooringding

fluffy my dog is not the dog he used to be, he has laid in the same spot for four and a half years I kick him, but he moves no more.

I kick him because he stinks I looked in the passenger car I looked under my fingernails but only saw my soul black as tar leaking out of me and that damn smoke at my feet annoying me with the angry huffs of 1,000 children and the tiffs of 1,000 married people this is just the ointment on my bleeding back I have been whipped by my own quiet whispers to my self . quiet whispers of things like

"Gimme a break" and "hey nice shootin"

I have been whipped and whipped whipped "MY COCK IS THE BIGGEST FATTEST THING ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH"

I screamed with my fists clenched and head raised to the sky because I knew god himself knew that I knew that he knew and I don't know but secretly I bet he just shit!!

the end ?

Ooooo I think not, for what of my poor poor dog fluffy ? yes, you know the rest don't you.

you know of my last straw. the dead dog can opener, and of the tie dye extra special happy guy and that floating piece of morality that somehow stayed adrift on the gulf of my wisecracks!

—ODWH



"A Slight Aside"

So you're in this band, right, and you have this sneaking suspicion that you are living in virtual non-reality: it's almost as if you're not even fucking here. You've convinced yourself, as well as your parents, that the six years of undergrad at the big northeastern university were all about figuring out what you really want- so you came to the great valley of Zion where the women are plentiful and fertile, and the rents are almost affordable for a misanthropic misdirected malcontent which is what you think you probably are. At least that's the fashion statement you are going for this month. You're probably spoiled but you aren't sure. The only thing you are sure of is that the world you live in is never as interesting as the world you inhabit in your head. You watch too many art-fag movies but you are convinced that you are acquiring a keen sense of feminism from their succinct coyness. Your denial of reality is validated by thinking that you're some sort of badass rebel by going to an out of the way place like Salt Lake City, a million miles away from any kind of recording industry, all the while convincing yourself that as sure as the full moon rises and the cow shit stinks, the cream of your talent will rise to the top of the hair pile and some lone A&R guy from Geffen will see your wednesday night headliner at the Bar and Grill and offer you a cool 2 year spec deal on the sound of your band's up and coming semi-P.C. hit "Crotchless Racist" (which is about to be featured late next sunday night on X-96 locals only). All of your troubles will soon be over because you'll pay off your ex-girlfriend's appendectomy with the advance money as well as be able to get a new set of \$8 guitar strings from Wagstaffs (which cost \$3 everywhere else in the world except maybe Stalingrad @ 1986). Yeah, you convinced yourself to open that revolving charge account at Progressive Music at a great interest rate of 23% and buy that PA system that your band, "Spunkmonkey Buttutt" needs to rehearse with, because that advance money is on the way just as soon as your bass player gets over his progressive funk metal kick and your drummer gets his double bass pedal and cymbals out of hock. Your shit's as good as any other crap on the radio, you just need airplay and stickers. Hundreds and hundreds of fucking stickers of all different shapes, sizes and colors, blaring your band's name and logo all over every toilet seat in the valley. Hell, if everybody saw your band's name in print every time they took a dump at the Holy Cow you'd be halfway there.

So you drag ass out of bed just before eleven and jerk off all over that Blue Boutique picture in a four month old copy of

Slug, just like you do every day before you Bryllcream your goatee, lace up your Doc Marten's and brace yourself for another stunning day in happy valley. The light of the

Bustin the Nut -David McClellan

mid-morning Utah sun blares through your head like a personal vendetta from God, pressing your medulla oblongata into your spinal cord. The dry air gives your contact lenses the beginning of what you know is a suicide note to your eyes, but you just squint through your shades and hock a lunger onto the ground, remembering what Pa said before he left your Mother and ran off with the 22 year old flight attendant for TWA that used to be your girlfriend: "Don't be such a pussy..." You're halfway down the stairs when you realise that in your post orgasmic glee you forgot to put on your love beads and retro religious memorabilia as well as wax your new tattoo. You've been taught the importance of accessorizing in the midst of an ensemble but at this point you don't give a fuck. "This isn't L.A. anyway...", you try to convince yourself, but you sense that you are slipping, being lulled into a false sense of security by the presence of the Wasatch mountains and the sweet smell of granola in the air. You are a rebel with a pseudo-pselfish cause in desperate need of a double tall raspberry mocha latte with whipped cream.

You drive down State street in your beat up CJ-5 with the fire extinguisher firmly attached to the rear rollbar, hoping that you aren't spotted by the fire marshal who would surely pull you over and fine you for not having your current fire extinguisher inspection tags. Just one step closer to the edge. A Murray cop drives by with his dry cleaning hanging in the back seat and you want to scream: "Go fucking back to your own goddamn jurisdiction to drive around in your government subsidized arrest vehicle you rascal..." Tact holds you at bay as he pulls into the parking lot of the Million Dollar Saloon. You begin to blush. You can always become a cop, you think, if all else fails. Power is power. At least you'll have benefits and a medical plan you can live with, but you're not ready to throw in the towel yet.

Pawn shop after pawn shop passes by as you head south weaving in and out of the geriatric drivers and faux businessmen on their way to the used car lots, Amway meetings and gluttanous insurance brokerage firms. "One day I'll own this town" you say to yourself as you flip on X-96 in hopes of keeping up with the cutting edge of what used to be called alternative rock. Kerry and

Bill are doing their damndest at the semi-bawdy conservative with the liberal edge morning show banter and you smile to yourself thinking of Howard Stern and the secure knowledge of what real talk show raunch and narcissism is all about. Run, run, run, as fast as you can... Before heading to work you remember that you have to stop off at the rehearsal studio and pick up an adapter cable to mixdown your band's rehearsal tape. The one that's

going to be featured on the almighty X-96 this Sunday. The shock of it all makes you nearly spill your \$4 cup of chocolate raspberry foam all over your lap. "Why do I always wait to the last minute?!" you chastise yourself, pulling a U-turn in the middle of State street. "Because a true artist does his best work under the pressure of a deadline!" Your argument sounds as convincing and real as the celluloid you pulled it from and you buy into it willingly. "I bet the Stretch Magnifico guys had to struggle at one point", you mutter as scenes of them walking around Salt Lake after a long European tour (opening for Ozzy), flutters through your mind: With bottles of Dom Perignon in their hands and silicon implanted babes on each arm, the "Stretch" boys are the first real band to come out of Salt Lake and return with the bounty. Only the lead trombone player doesn't look happy. He's unphased by all his accolades. Everybody wants to touch him to see if he's really real yet his face looks sullen and his skavoovie mannerisms seem forced. You always knew they'd sell out sooner or later but it doesn't even matter cause so will you. It amazes you that wealthy rock stars even have any problems and you toy with the notion of being caught faking a Vedderism. How gauche. It isn't like it hasn't happened before. Besides what kind of problems could the bone player for the town's most wonderful ska band be having? Nothing that a few weeks in the Carribean wouldn't solve. When worse comes to worse, man must go out and search for the mighty White Whale. Money is the only barrier. Cobain himself must have had at least \$20,000 in his personal checking account at any given time before he sucked down the unforgiving hole that was to be his demise. Even more before he shot himself.

Reality pulls you into the Downtown Music parking lot where you realise that the room that you're band pays \$300 a month for is only open after 3pm on weekdays and closes at midnight. You attempt looking past the Riverbed Jed vs. Biohazard band flyers which plaster the glass doors like some new fangled pennsylvania dutch wall paper and peer into the empty halls with the hopes of being let in for a quick second, but your attempt is futile. Riverbed Jed has plastered their flyers all over the fucking door and the only chance of

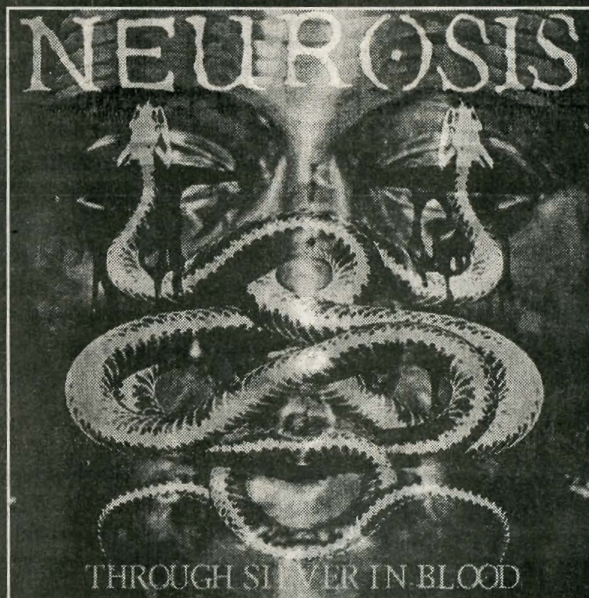
getting a looksey is by committing the ultimate crime of bandicide and pulling off their flyers. You look around to make sure that nobody can see as you grasp the corner of the flyer with hopes of a clean getaway. The flyer tears and you immediately think of Jed, or Riverbed, or whoever the tall lead singer is with the fancy metaloid facial piercings and tattoos and how he would kick your weenie ass if he got wind of what you were doing. He already looks cooler than you do on your best day and probably gives your whole band a run for the money on the tall, thin, badass James Dean thing. "He probably smokes a lot of pot" you say to yourself, "I could easily out run him." The 15 minutes spent every other day on the stairmaster at the spa would finally come in handy. As would have the speaker magnets from your mother's '74 Pinto be useful to hold him like a tractor beam. You knew they had a greater purpose on this earth and you want to smack your mother for making you clean and purge your room that one time. To your surprise you pull off the Riverbed Jed Flyers to find a whole series of band flyers covered up by band after band. Hate, Gutfunk, Hate, Metal Tears, Hate, King Friday, Hate vs. Wish in a steel cage water bong smoke-off (all ages at Club 6, of course)... Sweat forms on your brow. It takes you several minutes to get to the bottom of the pile where you see a little post-it note to whom it may concern taped to the inside of the door: "Attention all Downtown Music patrons: we will be closed today so that Brian can go to the Pioneer Day white sale at Mervyns. Please put rent through slot. Tipping is encouraged." Alas your hit single, the one destined to revolutionize the scene in Salt Lake and get you the big advance money you needed will have to go another week or two unnoticed. Being a Salt Lake City musician is tough, you think to yourself as you pull your checkbook out of your Franklin planner and continue to pay your dues.

P.S. I interviewed the singer, Eric, from P.C.P. Berserker after their grand show at the Cinema Bar (July 20) for this month's article but I'll be damned if I can actually remember anything that we talked about, what with all of the scantily clad women running around holding champagne bottles and wearing feather boas to cover their breasts. Oh yeah, the lead guitar player is a 24 year old prodigy and/or alcoholic who has written over 700 songs. The band has been together for all of 8 months and the guy who looks like a David Bowie look alike really does look like a David Bowie look alike! Cool. They rehearse at Positively 4th Street and agree that it is a shit-hole, but like most people, they put up with it for the 24 hour access. Eric and the other seven to ten people on stage all go broke putting on a grand spectacle of lights, fog, free champagne, and a big ass apres show party which I was invited to but was slightly too married to attend. The band ranges in age from 24 to 33 and it contains some veterans of other bands in the area. Currently suffering from "revolving Bass player syndrome" I thought the band was extremely tight for only being together for a few months and having a 19 song set list that timed in at just under 85 minutes. Eric is a great guy to talk to and a passionate frontman who is extremely aware of how to use all his band's assets to sell a show. Their music, reminiscent of old Kiss, the Cult, T.Rex, and the Rocky Horror Picture Show Soundtrack is refreshingly new sounding and looking on Salt Lake City's alterna-funk jock-rock scene. I doubt the Smashing Pumpkin's gala event at the Delta Center this month will even come close to rocking as hard or being as memorable as the next P.C.P. Berserker show, wherever it is! And the next time I'm divorced, I'm staying for the party.

Hugs & Kisses
—David McClellan

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A four piece band with loud abrasive guitars wrapped around rock pop hooks, dual leads and heavy melody lines. Yea, they sound just like everybody else...

Wes Kidd (Birth name)

AKA:

Wesley Edward Kidd III

Band: Triple Fast Action

SLUG: Why are you not up front in the picture?

WES: They wanted good looking guys up front!

SLUG: There are no good looking guys

WES: Because I am so ugly.

SLUG: Tell me a little bit

about the band, are you all from Chicago?

WES: Yes, we are all from Chicago.

SLUG: How did you all meet.

WES: Brian (the drummer) and I played in a bunch of bands since we were kids.

SLUG: Of any notoriety?

WES: No. Just crappy bands.

Then we found Kevin the bass player at some weird clothing store, and he played in a band with the other guitarist Ronnie. It all came together pretty quick. It wasn't like a big struggle finding people which was good.

SLUG: How did you get signed to Capitol Records?

WES: Hell if I know, it was weird. We had put together a couple of singles and someone got a hold of those and then they got a hold of some demos and then they came up to see us. And then once Capitol made us an offer then right away all these other labels came in and started making us offers and it got real stupid and nutty and fun too at the same time. But then in the end Capitol was the first ones there and everyone seemed the coolest and that's how we went with Capitol. Those were really strange times though. Cuz these people like you know there professionals at telling you how great you are, so it gets really scary.

SLUG: Tell me a little bit

SLUG: Are you the main song writer?

WES: I pretty much write everything.

SLUG: So you're a 'singer-song writer'?

WES: Yeah I have to take all the blame for everything.

SLUG: Hey I like every song on the album except one.

Wes: Which one don't you like?

SLUG: It's the one with the repeating - naanaaaa - thing in there.

Wes: Over and over? Oh it's probably DON'T TELL then.

SLUG: I liked the rest of it though.

Wes: Hey were shooting

pretty good though, that's about 98%.

SLUG: So you've been together since when, 93 / 94 somewhere in there.

Wes: Yeah like about three years. A little over three years. I guess were coming up on four years this Christmas.

SLUG: How did you get signed to Capitol Records?

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SLUG: They're weasels, they're all weasels.

WES: And the funny thing is though I started to believe them. I started for like a

week going - Man, I'm pretty kick ass. Until I stood up and went 'what the fuck am I talking about'.

SLUG: Hey I am pretty cool, if this fucking guy from Capitol records thinks I am. I must be.

Wes: Right. No it was a weird time, but it was good, free dinners, free CD's. We could have milked it a little longer. I know some bands really took advantage of that stuff but we tried to make it a little quicker.

SLUG: So have you seen any money yet?

Wes: No, well, I mean I



tripl3 fastaction

haven't seen any but I know there's a lot being spent. If that makes any sense. You know what I mean. There's none in my bank account, but they're spending a bunch of money, and you know you kinda see a bunch of money go by, but that's about it.

SLUG: Are you guys touring?

WES: We have been touring for a while now. We were out for like a month or two before the record came out, like we went out with SuperGrass...

SLUG: How'd you like Super Grass?

Wes: Uh, I actually, you know, I didn't like their record when I first got it, and then we played with them for a couple of weeks and I love them now. I think they are amazing. And you know they were the coolest guys too, I thought they were going to be...

SLUG: Stuck up Brits?

Wes: Yeah, because they're so huge over there. But they were so cool, you know they were totally helpful and their crew was helpful, so that was fun. And then we did some dates with Everclear and then, since the record has come out we went out with the Figs, and then we just did five weeks with CandleBox if you can believe it. And then, now were out with Magna Pop.

SLUG: Magna Pop's not a Capitol band.

Wes: Nope but, they just asked us to go.

SLUG: So, try and explain what it's like to be in a band and then have Capitol Records kinda take over your existence, like now they pay for everything, now is it way different than before?

Wes: You know at first I thought it was going to be, I thought it'd take a lot of the pressure off me and the work off me and instead it's doubled it. Cuz I have to, in order to get like a big company like this into a, you know focused in the same way and to try to get them to have your vision, instead of their own, is a really hard thing and you got to stay on top of everyone to you know, make sure everybody is doing the things for the right reasons and making sure there getting your ideas across. Like there was some things that happened that you know that, that weren't what I wanted and went out there and I had to throw fits about that and stuff, but it's great too because everybody is behind the band and there you know it's good to have people working for you, but you just gotta make sure that it's the right idea. Because everybody's got their own take

on you know us and every band that they work so, so it just keeps me busy just making sure everybody's doing their thing and stuff. But it's a lot of fun too.

SLUG: You really don't have to worry about much when your on tour, right?

Wes: No, except for the fact that you gotta make sure that while you're out there that people are you know sending out the posters and stuff, like a lot of times we'll get to clubs and no one knows were going to be there. I can take care of that stuff on my own if someone lets me know, but instead, someone is supposed to be doing it, so I want to make sure that people are getting the posters and getting the other stuff.

SLUG: That's what I meant, I mean you would figure that it'd be taken care of.

Wes: Yeah, well that doesn't happen the way you think it does.

SLUG: Where's the big expensive high paid tour manager guy?

Wes: Well our tour manager is our drummer. We're a fully contained band, I mean you know, we are self contained, our drummer carries this little brief case with all his information onto the stage when we're ready to play, so it's pretty funny. Well we like to do stuff ourselves to you know, if you let it get too far out of your hands you just fuck yourself.

SLUG: Well tell me about the, tell me about how the album came together, you did the demos and everything in 7" and singles and all that other crap and then they said lets do this record?

Wes: Well then we actually have this small little studio at our practice that we've slowly built up over the years that everybody had like a little piece of equipment that kinda hooked it all up and so we recorded all the songs we had which was like 52 songs or something, we had a lot of songs then kinda sent out to all the people at Capitol

to get their view on what they liked, and you know it's good to get someone else's view and then we narrowed it down to 22 songs and then we went in with Don Flemming and just started kinda banging them out, and then when it came time to mix the record it didn't really sound the way we wanted it to, we did like two or three songs and it wasn't quite right so then we called up a different gut to mix it and then he came in and did it, and then you know, it was done, it was, it took a long time just because of scheduling and stuff but all in all recording time wasn't that long.

We talked more about lots of shit, how we like Thin Lizzy, Queen, what a great record 'Jazz' is and how the world needs David Lee Roth (this was day one of the Roth/Hagar Wars) Basically Trip13fastaction is a band that is trying to ressurect rock in all it's brash and bawdy fashion. Somebody has to do it.

—Maxx

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Here's some shit to check out..

Concert Previews

Def Leppard / August 24 @ Wolf Mountain

Slang is the latest Def Leppard release. It has piled up unsold in chain stores all over the United States and it will soon be available in cut-out bins for about \$4. My advice is to wait until that date to make a purchase. The album is not at all bad. The core audience simply didn't catch on. Meanwhile Def Leppard are on the road promoting the record and distancing themselves from their past. "Slang was recorded in Marbella, Spain, Dublin and Los Angeles. In addition to bearing a contemporary sound, *Slang* is also the first complete studio album the band has made since the death of longtime guitarist Steve Clark, who died in 1991 during the *Adrenalize* recordings." A lot has happened since 1991.

Most metal bands disappeared into hibernation during the first part of the '90s. Many have returned over the last two years with new albums and corresponding tours. In case the reader missed them a membership to the Sage

or other Sandy clubs would appear beneficial. Def Leppard made the spot changing attempt and it appears to be a commercial failure. The added elements of stripped down production, funk, soul, alternative,

dance and the experimental edge are all lost on their old fans. Remember these are the people with WWF haircuts. I've heard a rumor that some local scalpers are accepting food stamps.

—Wa

Downset / August 18 @ Bar & Grill

Downset continues the month long trend of music for damaging hearing. I stole an advance of the soon-to-be released *Do We Speak A Dead Language*

and had a listen. Bone crunching metal backs a combination of screams and raps. They do it in Spanish too. The band toured for a year and a half on their last record. The new one shows a tighter group. The road tends to do that to a band. Hip hop metal is a controversial subject.

Some hate it, others love it, a middle ground is nonexistent. The idea at home is to turn it up loud enough to scare away the cops. The idea in the car is to turn it up loud enough to offend the bass crew. The idea when seeing Downset live is to have a good time and be safe. The Bar & Grill has a low

ceiling. Crowd surfing is dangerous, especially at that place. H2O opens and the show is all ages. —Wa

Slayer / August 22 @ Saltair

American Records informative mailer shows Slayer performing at Saltair on August 22. Now that is indeed a show! Those toughies just put out a disc titled *Undisputed Attitude*. How about we check out their press release describing the record. "This ain't no whiny, snot-nosed, dyed-hair, punky-come-latelies spewing out tunes about fucked-up childhoods, and low-self

esteem while raking in the big bucks. This is the original wave of punk bands as recorded by SLAYER." So Jeff Hanneman, "what do you think of the current state of punk rock?" "What

passes for punk rock nowadays is just whimpy pop. It's so inoffensive, so pussy; there's no attitude.

How about you Kelly King? Do you have an opinion? "The big thing these days is geek music. The guy you beat up in high school." Don't even



think power-pop-punk. *Undisputed Attitude* is a crazed platter. They should make quite a racket when they do it live. Can anyone possibly head-bang as fast as Slayer plays?

—Wa

Strung Out / August 17 @ Bar & Grill

Once again the order came down from on high. Do a preview on Strung Out. Oh? Why? They bought an ad? I read in the Salt Lake Tribune that the summer concert season hasn't been a good one. Jerry died on countless large promoters around the country. How could he do such a thing? Now they're stuck with Styx, Foreigner and Boston. I guess not many people are buying tickets to see those guys. Down at the gutter level the concert scene is hopping. No one is making piles of cash, but there is a national band of some stature playing someplace nearly every single night. Who knows? Maybe the music industry slump will drive the monopolies out of business. No need to sue Ticketmaster, simply wait for them to go bankrupt.

Strung Out record for Fat Wreck Chords (Please see their ad.). The Strung Out bio includes this quote from Diesel



magazine. "Thirteen songs of straight ahead hardcore. The lyrics fall into a well-balanced mixture of politics and personal feelings. Hard, crunchy guitars way out in front. Well written, sure footed songs. Pick up 'Another Day in Paradise.' It's sure to be a classic." That is some pretty good writing from the Diesel boys and girls. In the past SLUG magazine had a bit of fun with the departed Diesel, but without Diesel a lot of these punk rock type of shows wouldn't be happening right now. Give the credit to former Diesel employees.

The new album from Strung Out is titled Suburban Teenage Wasteland Blues.

After that title there isn't a need to go any further.. melodic hardcore. The band will

appear at the Bar & Grill on August 17. The opening bands are Diesel Joy and Anger Overload.

—Wa

**The Misfits/Anthrax/Life Of Agony/Cannibal Corpse
August 11 @ Bricks**

I'm guessing that this show might be my first opportunity to meet SLUG hack Forgach. He's the dude penning the Written In Blood column and if he isn't at this show I'll make fun of him forever. A bloke walked into the chain store and said, "Where's your punk rock records, where's the Misfits?" Say that with a heavy Brit accent and forget eurodisco or anything to emerge from the island since about 1977. Punk rock is an American export. They spit it back on the shores, and they did it damned good, but it is still an American art form. The Misfits are an American band. They are as American as the band who wrote the song (Grand Funk Railroad) and they haven't gone all religious like Mark Whatshisname. The word on the street is that this Misfits should have played Bluffstock because they are a Misfits cover band. Go tell it to them live. These

are some big motherfuckers. Attempt a stage dive. Go ahead. They don't need security, except police to stop the ensuing riot, these guys will toss you right off the stage themselves and not miss a chord.

Anthrax only has one new song to push and it is a good one. Watch them bang out "Bordello Of Blood" as well as some old B-sides. What's in a name - Life Of Agony, Cannibal Corpse? I'm waiting to see Cannibal Corpse hawk copies of Tomb Of The Mutilated in a gay bar. This show promises to be the most bizarre appearance of the summer. The list of bands is weird enough, but

think about these bands playing outdoors at Bricks. It doesn't get any more Salt Lake than that!

—Wa

**Total Chaos
August 25
@ Bar & Grill**

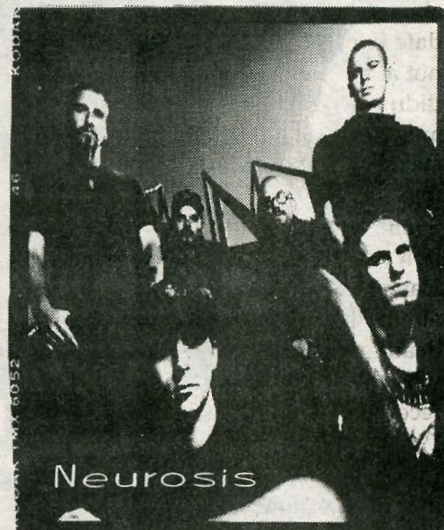
Now that "old school" has come to mean the early '80s

Total Chaos is a band reaching back farther than far. In the first days major labels released punk rock. It is true. I have Clash and Stiff Little Fingers vinyl from Sony and Wea. The latest Total Chaos album takes inspiration from both bands. There is something about that sound, not the New York hardcore sound or the West Coast hardcore sound, but actual punk rock that is exciting. It brings back the feeling of listening to music that no one bought. Fuck, the first Clash record came with a bonus single and it cost about \$3 used.

I'm just guessing, but I do believe the Oi! thing came a bit after the Clash. Oi! is included.

Most of the original Total Chaos line-up is missing in action. Watch for them to resurface elsewhere. It doesn't matter because the current membership is quite capable of rockin' just a bit. **ANTHEMS FROM THE ALLEYWAY** is total and complete "old

school" punk rock. The band is from Los Angeles. They are doing the English/Australian style with the new record. Since the English style is what I grew up with (Like I never heard the Seattle sound before Seattle became grunge and "Dirty Water" is a punk anthem in my mind, not a complaint about the environment.) I'm all in love with Total Chaos.



Neurosis/Bloodlet August 12 @ DV8

Relapse Record's Neurosis will be at DV8 with the band Bloodlet on August 12. I'll warn you ahead of time, it's Monday night, but I've been told you will NOT want to miss this show. Neurosis, once signed to Alternative Tentacles, has been on the cutting edge of experimental hardcore/metal madness for the past ten years. I hear it's not so much a show as it is a total experience. Be there.

Maybe Athey will even show up

—Forgach

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AQUARIUS

Jan 20 — Feb 18

Jon thought he got a bad batch of underwear until he read the warning label...**ALL QUEEN UNDERWEAR APPEARS ROTTEN IF UNDERWEAR'S STAINED**

PISCES

Feb 19 — Mar 20

The world is baffled. The media is having a field day, running the tape over & over. More crop manipulation. What do these aliens mean by '**PEPSI IS SHIT!, COKE EQUALS STYLE'**

ARIES

Mar 21 — April 19

Why do I even watch 60 Minutes when I hate Mike Wallace? And that Rooney guy! **ANDY ROONEY IS EXTREMELY STUPID**

TAURUS

April 20 — May 20

What are these guys doing in front of me in line, they are always here. Everytime I go! Aaah, **TWO ASSHOLES UNDERGOING REGULAR URINE SAMPLES**

GEMINI

May 21 — June 20

Cheers from the crowd. The long lived rule that only men could eat girls was over! The headline in the paper said it all. **GIRLS EATING MEN IS NOT INDECENT!**

CANCER

June 21 — July 22

Andre looked at the apparatus. It looked painful. Wasn't there some other way to cure his constant bowel problems. He had the same question on his mind as everyone did. **CAN ANDRE'S NASTY COLON ERUPT REGULARLY?**

LEO

July 23 — Aug 22

Lucky Eddy's first misfortune was going to prison, and his luck was only getting worse. No one ever hipped Eddy to prison shower stories. When he eventually did drop the soap, Eddy was about to be stripped of his name, his pride, and his virginity among other things. When the boys in Cell Block C got a shot at... **LUCKY EDDY'S OPENING**

VIRGO

Aug 23 — Sept 22

Well it was decided. The two things the league needed to save baseball. **VASTLY IMPROVED REGULATIONS, GIGGLING OUTFIELDERS**

LIBRA

Sept 23 — Oct 22

Peter walked out of the coffee shop pissed as hell. Rude fuckin guy behind the counter. He wondered why he moved to NY and thought to himself "**LIFE IN BROOKLYN, REALLY AGGRAVATING**"

SCORPIO

Oct 23 — Nov 21

What's all the noise coming from the psychiatric ward Bob? **"SOME CLOWN ON RITALIN PILLS IS OUT"**

SAGITTARIUS

Nov 22 — Dec 21

Andy was having second thoughts about moving out of state to live with his girlfriend. **SURE A GUY IS TEMPTED TO ASK RACHEL IF UTAH SUCKS**

CAPRICORN

Dec 22 — Jan 19

Joe felt he was getting screwed as he read the memo. The Rice Noodles Project was his gig! He did all the work! His mind sunk as he read...**CANCEL ALL PREVIOUS RESEARCH INVOLVING CENSUS ON RICE NOODLES**

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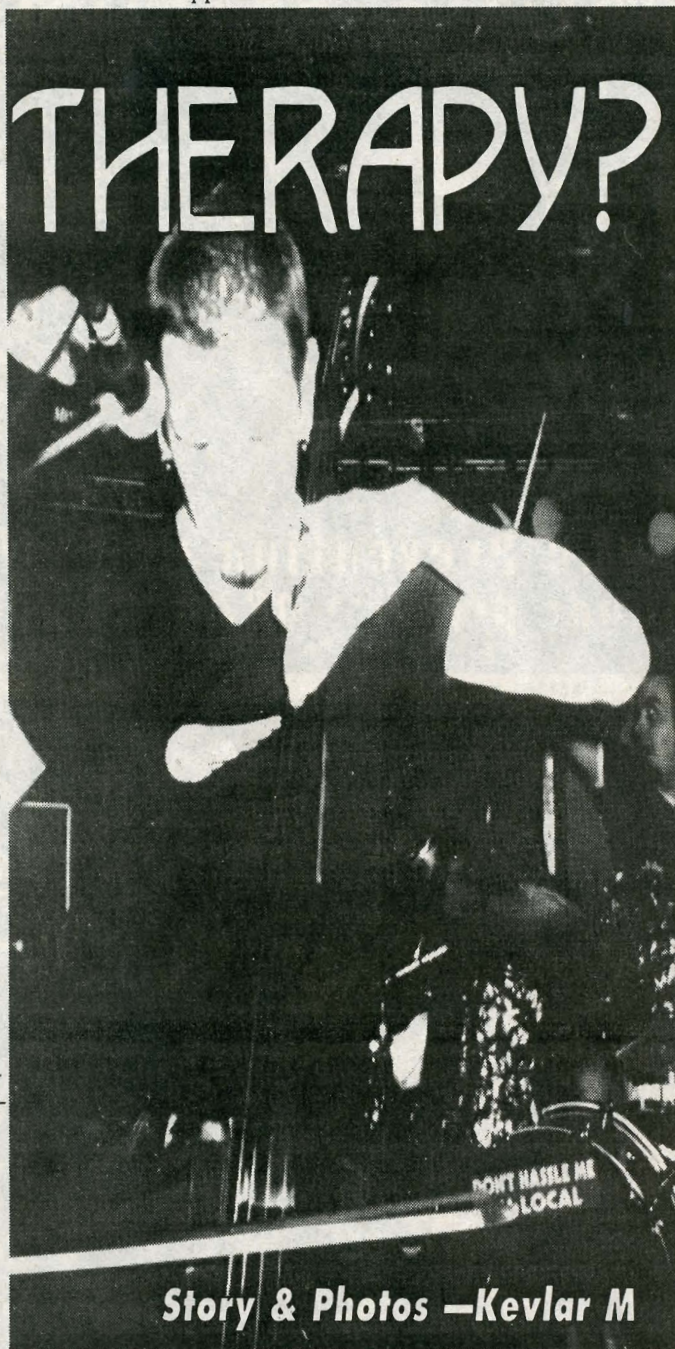
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Let me tell you all the ironic story behind Therapy?, and how their music has influenced and inspired me in the 90's more than any other band in the underground rock scene.

half. Hearing about and then walking in on the woman you love heart and soul with another man in the same bed you shared with her can end up giving a person psychological damage; not to mention that empty, rotting feeling in your stomach. Well anyways, I ended up moving in with my parents. So one night while I sat crying in bed, I slipped on an album that I had won from a

Therapy? is a three piece from Ireland, and no, they sure as hell don't sound like fucking U2 or The Cranberries! Instead, while all these lame U2 rip-off bands, like Hothouse Flowers and An Emotional Fish, were scrambling to jump on the band wagon; Therapy? was sticking their middle finger into the air and pounding out some of the most loudest, pissed-off, and intense music to be heard at that time. The fact that they had the balls to scream "You scrawny little piece of shit, your going to die anyway!" from the song 'Animal Bones', showed that they could care less what the Irish music scene was doing, they just wanted to play the kind of rock music they wanted. They first released the E.P.'s, "Babyteeth" and "Pleasure Death" in Europe; which were later released together as a full length album here in the states on Indie Touch and Go's side label: 1/4 Stick. The record entitled "Caucasian Psychosis" featured some of the most aggressive scathing sounds ever put to record; as well as the most bitter lyrics written by the band in its career. "Every day I feel the same, Every day drinking to the next", or "James Joyce is fucking my sister"; is a sample of some of the lyrics from that powerful record. Signing with A&M, Therapy? released "Nurse" which also was along the same lines as "Caucasian", but in an effort to get away from the grunge label, some of the tracks are mellow with cello throw in for a mellodic feel. Samples with powerful biker-rock guitars over which lines like "Don't wanna feel any more" and "I'm fucked!" make up the sounds of the records other tracks. Next came the "Hats off to the Insane" E.P. that had six powerful tracks that showcased the band trying a new sound; a mixture of Metal/Punk. The group scored a huge hit in Europe and a semi-hit in the states with the track "Screamager", which was also featured on the follow-up "Troublegum". Their second "proper" full length further expanded on their experimenting with the Metal/Punk sound, and also featured a well done cover version of Joy Division's "Isolation". Lyrics contained lines like "Masturbation saved my life", "Jesus without the Suffering", and "I'm gonna get drunk, come around and fuck you up"; matching the musics furious resolve. The band became gigantic in Europe, while here in the states they couldn't break out; (not that's a bad thing). Not to be discouraged the band went back to the studio; only to, once again, experiment with a new type of sound.

"Infernal Love" was released in Europe were it immediatly sold like crazy, but here in the states the record took a while to come out; although when it did it was well worth the wait. Instead of milking the Metal/Punk sound, "Infernal Love" is filled



Story & Photos —Kevlar M

radio station. I don't know why I did it, maybe it was fate, but it saved me from a self destructive path and instead put me on one that was helpful mentally and at the same-time introduced me to the aggressive and confrontational sounds of the underground rock scene. The band was Therapy?, the album was "Nurse", and it changed my life from that point on.

with a mix of rockers filled with complex dynamics and changes, other tracks are slower melodic powerhouses that builds their intensities progressively. One thing that has always stayed consistent through each Therapy? record, and here lines like "Happy people have no stories", and "Incarcerated here, I'm handcuffed to your world" show they haven't lost thier edge.

With the profound effect Therapy?'s music has had on me, I wanted to get the chance to converse with the band and ask questions pertaining to the bands musical directions through the years. I finally got the chance to sit down with bass player Michael McKeegan and get to the core of the groups sound. **SLUG:** How did the band form?

Michael: Well, originally Fyfe, he's our ex-drummer met Andy about seven years ago, they were playing in different bands in and around Belfast doing cover versions and stuff. They weren't really happy with what they were doing, they had alot in common musically with each other then the bands they were in. So then they started writing and rehearsing some songs and did a demo cassette. And at the time I was at school with Fyfe, and to play live they needed a bass player, I played Jazz fusio bass, it was great because we responded really well, we started rehearsing, doing some gigs and that was it at all: quite simple. **SLUG:** You said Fyfe isn't in the band anymore.

Michael: No, he left January first; new years day. **SLUG:** So how's drumming now? **Michael:**

Curnick, he's our new man on board; he even sings too. **SLUG:** I noticed there's a big difference between the new record and the last one, Troublelegum, was there a conscious desicion to change the style of the songs? There's more of a mellower sound on Infernal Love. **Michael:** Yeah there's bits that are mellower, but I think there are bits that are heavier and more in tune with everything. We wanted to make everything a bit more extreme on it, make the melodies more blunt, make the noisy bits

more noisy, make the faster songs faster, make the dynamics more exaggerated.

SLUG: I find there alot more dynamics with this record then the last one. **Michael:** Yeah, with Troublelegum was just full on the whole time, which is good for the first forty-five minutes; but onstage, because we tour so much, that it's a real relief to play something a wee bit slower, for us and for the audience.

SLUG: I noticed on each record the style and sound changes from record to record, Nurse sounds nothing like Troublelegum, and Infernal Love is nothing like the other records. **Michael:** I think the new one is kind of like an overview of all our other records,

you know what I mean? The songs seem to have the right amount of time..we weren't banging them out in the studio in a period of a week and a half, which is what we did in all other records. This time we took a wee bit more time with composing them; without being to calculating with writing them.

SLUG: As the sounds differ from album to album, do it cause a shifting of your fan base, like in Europe? **Michael:** In Europe we have a pretty hardcore fan base anyways, which just came about up entill just after Nurse, because we toured really hard there, we had a really big live following; we didn't get any radio play though. And then when Troublelegum came out, MTV started playing our videos alot in Europe, and radio stations picked up on things like "Nowhere" and "Screamager". **SLUG:** What about in the U.S., is there a shifting of the fan base? **Michael:** Well, we have a pretty hardcore fan base over here, but really, really small; they are real die hards, which is really good, because that's how it started in Europe. I don't think we've really spent enough time over here to build on that; or to get in front of different people, the people who like us really love us, and the people who don't like us don't even know



we exist, just like that. Last year we did massive shows in Europe, five thousand people, sold out shows all over Europe, and then we come over here and play in small clubs, it's actually great and very refreshing to play to smaller audiences, especially with Martin (the Cello player) and Gurnick joining, it's like a fresh start for us. But getting back to your question about the fan base, probably about the time of Troublelegum there was alot of people that like heard a song on the radio or saw a couple of videos and went "Woooo, I can sing this in the bath! I'll go check them out" and I think some of them will stay with us, and some of them have obviously moved

on to whatever. They weren't perticular big music fans that just hear something they like and then buy it, and then hear something else they like and then go on to that. When I get into a band I tend to go buy all their records, usually their back catalog and see what they've been up to, until they blow it.

SLUG: How did the addition of the cello player (Martin) come about? **Michael:** Martins been working with us for a long time now, since just before Troublelegum; he did a couple of live shows with us, and then he played in a song on Troublelegum. Whenever we were in town and he was in town we hooked up and did some stuff, and then last year we did a four month tour with him, we got on great and he actually co-wrote a song with Andy on Infernal Love called "Bad Mother"; so he was contributing on a musical level as well, it's a logical thing, he also plays guitar and sings. **SLUG:** Do you have alot of people come up to you after a show and tell you how your music has affected them? Does it affect your music writing? **Michael:** Alot of times, it's a compliment and very flattering, but if I sit there and think I'm going to change somebodys life or I'm going to have their life in my hands; it doesn't make any sense. You can't believe yourself as that important; I think when your doing stuff you should do it for yourself, and then if it touches other people that's better, because it's an honest thing. Otherwise you end up in that global fixation, then you end up being in a position where people are setting themselves up as the messiah. You know, thinking they can solve the worlds problems by singing about them in a pop song or reach people through music. And you can, but you have to do it in an honest way, not fakely contrived. We get alot of letters from the fan club saying I was having a really hard time, I was going to commit suicide, I listened to your music and it really helped me through it, and that's cool; but if you get caught up in that you'll end up as fucked. If you feel well and good then that's fine, but you can't be anymore then that; you can't pander to it cause then you become a lasso for...dysfunctional kids. (laughter) **SLUG:** Like Kurt Cobain. **Michael:** Exactly! Not to be patronising..you know what I mean? **SLUG:** Its great to know that people appreciate it, but your not going to pander to them and be the messiah for them. **Michael:** No you can't, cause I haven't a clue what I'm doing half the time anyway; I'm just as confused as most people are to like, life, relationships, and things like that. I just don't want to sit there and be able to confidently give out really good advice, if you look at my fucking past record.

—Kevlar M

PILE OF

Los Gatos Locos
- Juvenile

VINYLL

Delinquent EP - IFA Records. These greasers think SLUG Magazine will review a psychobilly record? They must have missed the last year. Four songs are included on the little black platter. Psychobilly is not rockabilly. As a rule the singer can't sing, the boys are obsessed with horror, sex, girls, blood and everyone wears the same uniform. The Crazy Cats are juvenile delinquent gang members, they do indeed like orgies of blood and they drive a muscle car. Country and western plays a larger role than R&B in the overall impression. Horror cow-punk provides a backdrop of noise for a slam dance pit of swing dancing boys. **Trick Babys!** - "Bom 2B This Way," "Your Phones Off the Hook (But You're Not)" "Bad 4 Ya" - Feralette Records. A girl group with at least one boy on bass, playing

garage punk and paying tribute to X by way of the Ramones. Another retreat to '77. An



impressive slice of white vinyl by a band in-touch with what is up. What is up doesn't include anything recorded after 1981. Thank you.

The Andromeda Strain - "Stained Glass" "Elephant Man" - 6" Doyle Records. Why use a big hole when it spins at 33 1/3 rpm? A modern day version of post-punk containing a few psychedelic touches and nods to the garage. Due to the band name I was expecting more sci-fi than it contains. Only at the end of songs obsessed with lies do they insert a few tape loops. Good noise and shredding vocals. **The Krinkles** - "Evil Waterbed" "Fun" - Super 800. The record is not punk at all. A band of college educated nerds release two songs of power pop for an unknown reason. Sordid Las Vegas is the first topic, fun with video games the second. Watch for a CD, probably on Pravda, later on. **Cornpone** - "Descarga De La Crema Batidga" - Beaten cream discharge or is it



creamily batter discharge? A Texas hardcore band releases a yellow record packaged inside a sick cover. The band has five guys and one

girl. If that one girl is pictured front and back-side the boys are vergas de perro. Four songs of mind wasting noise created by Waco natives. The Waco mention sums it up. **The Bluetones** - "Are You Blue Or Are You Blind" "String Along" - Superior Quality Recordings. Okay, you're dead. What is with these British groups anyway. Bah, ba, bap, bah, ba, bap. The record is solidly built, the most sturdy sleeve and record of this stack. So why does the fucker skip? The Bluetones have a CD ready for release in the states. They have already been proclaimed "next big thing." Their CD has about three good songs out of 11. This single has one good song out of two. I can take "String Along" in spite of the twee, oooooooh background vocals. The surest way to tell a British band at present is their irritating use of non-sense syllables. Give it up please. **Reem** - "Blues From Venus" "Medication" - Vagrant Records. The A-side is R&B as the Chili Peppers do it except better. The flip side is better. The blues are traditional; the subject is not. The medication is highly addictive antidepressants. Is the addiction worse than the disease?

Varnaline - "Dance Like We Used To" "Sneer Society" - Zero Hour. The record is nearly as produced as the Bluetones. The music is considerably better. Much as expected Varnaline rely heavily on guitar feedback and noise. The first song is guitar pop; the second is unplugged lo-fi of the Neil Young, folk-rock variety. Both are good. **The Multiple Cat** - "The New Marcus Aurelius" "Red Volvo DL Wagon" - Zero Hour. Guess what? More guitar rock and the vocalist is irritating as hell. Girls help out with the harmonies. Both songs take enough twists and turns through the few minutes they last to thrill any lover of the indie sound. So distressing that they are enjoyable. I believe that is the attraction of this stuff. **Purple Ivy Shadows**

"Feeble" "Sustance" - Zero Hour. This band gets a drone thing going with the guitars and vocals. Fairly psychedelic for a short pop song. Imagine one of the nerd corp singing, "you can be a good athlete and hurt yourself"

over more melodic drone. I can almost imagine the song going over on the coffee house circuit in 1963. My God! Folk-rock predating the hippie craze. Zero Hour has an entire catalog of similar music available. Every single thing I've ever heard from the label has been good.

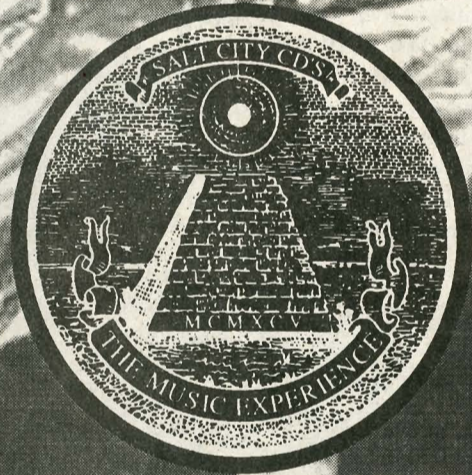


Lotus Crown - Alvar Aalto e.p. - Throwrug Records. How come they made a big record with only four songs and it spins at 33? Gee whiz, I don't think they are using Strats or Teles. If they are effects peddles are in use. Full on psychedelic music and if these fuckers launch into a bah, bah, bah or pah, pah, pah I'm chucking this record in the street. The Alvar side is quite pretty and mellow, but not yellow. Turn the waste of scarce resources over (Fidelity is better at 45, if it has to be big and short at least make it audiophile.) to find more quiet guitar experiments complete with vocals. Lotus Crown doesn't pretend at all. Throw the tune in the middle of a mix at the next rave. Things will stop mid-step and the ecstasy will kick in full blast.

Down By Law - All Scratched Up! - Epitaph. The vinyl version of a CD that came out some time ago. Don't ask me which six songs aren't on the CD or the cassette version. I don't have either, but I do have the records and there are six more songs. A single CD is turned into a double record. I'm listening attentively to the music while attempting to discover what distinguishes Down By Law from a thousand others. "Hell Song" kicks some serious butt. I fell out of my chair remembering the Who and the Jam. One thing about vinyl - you have to crank it - the format requires going past at least 7 on the volume knob. Flipping the first record over I found salvation. Side one almost impressed. After who knows how many hundreds of punk rock records I can still find enjoyment in the grooves now and again. "Gruesome Gary" is trademark sing-a-long, "Radio Ragga" has the ska element and I'm waiting for Down By Law to kick out some surf licks. Ska, surf, mod and garage make for good punk rock. Ask the Offspring. They completely gain my love when they close the first record with, "you fucking hippie, die, die." Can't say that I disagree.

—Riley Puckett

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Prince
Chaos and Disorder
Warner Brothers

"Originally intended 4 private use only, this compilation serves as the last original material recorded by (symbol of Prince) 4 warner brothers records- may you live 2 see the dawn"

This is what it says on the inside sleeve of Prince's new CD. He is a little whiner. I refuse to call him the artist formerly known as. I refuse to listen to his bullshit about why he has 'slave' tattooed on his face. I cannot however hate him bad enough to hate this record. It is too good to ignore. Besides, I always thought of Prince as kind of a little tantrum prone baby anyway, so you ignore that part. This CD has some of the best material he has ever written on it, and by far better than anything in the last eight years. The title track is a groovy little pop rocker, and "dinner with delores" reeks of late Beatlesque melody. There are other good highlights like "the same december" and "into the light" but the record is just well done from start to finish. If this is Prince's way of fighting with his record company, then he's a better man than I. He could have given WB a farewell shit sandwich for a record, but he didn't. He gave them a box full of hits and classic tunes that if you hit the repeat button and listen to over again, will only do you good.

—Maxx

Good Riddance
A Comprehensive Guide To Moderne Rebellion
Fat Wreck Chords

Wow! This is one tough album! Political as ever, & slapping the conservatives & screwheads around with a volley of lyrical punches that they so separately need, this new album is a power pressure-

cooker of kicking tunes. Blessed with the fastest damn drummer in the business, & combined with lightening guitar & bass combo, these four will take care of business in record time on the straight-edge train of pain. If more bands would spend less time getting tattoos & body-piercing, maybe Good Riddance's lyrics wouldn't be so refreshing in their message & politics, but they are. Taking out the linear notes, the shit reads good on its own. Whipped together with the high speed power of a water-tight quartet, & watch the asses get kicked! Fast & heavy, smart & strong, this is a hardcore package that is a sweet treat for your summer pick list.

—Billy Fish

LoPressure
Icon Jungle
Everything Records

I caught these guys on the Surf Stage at the Warped Tour and bought their CD. This is a perfect example of the difference between "hippie" and hippie. All the trappings are in place. The hair is long, there are wooden and shell drums and one guy even plays the digeridoo. During the live experience they engaged in an amplified drum circle on the stage. Nevertheless, the music is about as far from H.O.R.D.E. as it is possible to imagine. Once again psychedelic rears its ugly head. Black Sabbath as pagans not Satanists? Way back in the day there was psychedelic music. It was a part of the hippie movement, but it was watered down for mass consumption. Most of the new hippies view the Grateful Dead as a psychedelic band. No, the Byrds were a psychedelic band before they went country. Anyway, these four long-hairs combine the energy and excitement of punk rock with jamming psyche. They are earth friendly grunge heads. The usual hippie topics are addressed; they smoke Jah's herb, address Mother Ocean, praise the sun's energy and so on. They, unlike Blues Traveler, Dave Matthews, The Bogmen, Mother Hips, The Freewheelers, The Ugly Americans and the rest - don't try to sound like their parents. Wholly original and improvisation-heavy music for tripping. It's kind of like Seattle by way of Australia with stops in Texas and San Francisco along the way. Give these hippies a place on the stiff sheet and 5 SLUG's to the face.

—Wa



Extra Fancy
Sinnerman
Atlantic

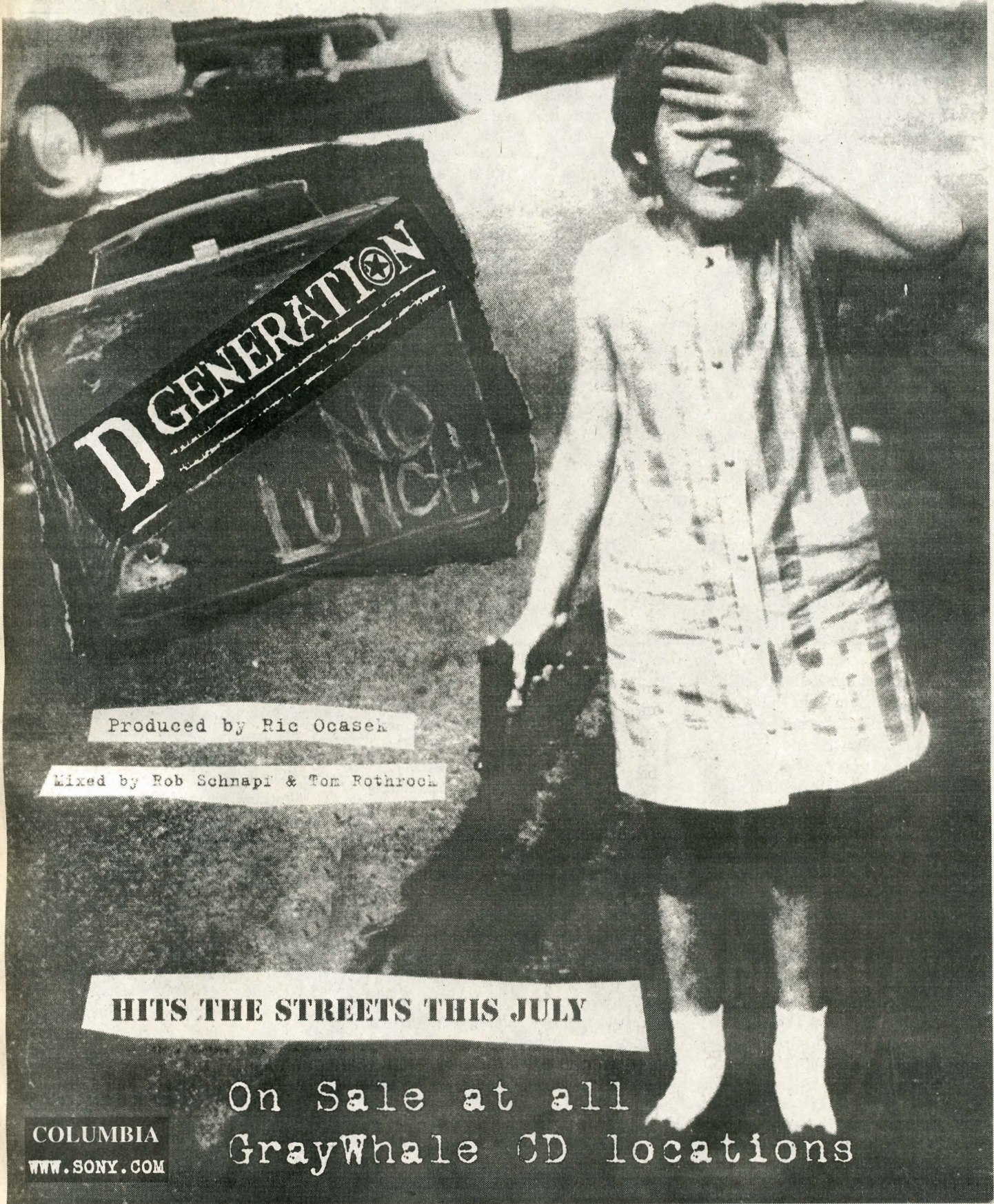
I used to have a boss who claimed everything on Atlantic was bad. The gent never moved much beyond the Led Zeppelin material in the back catalog. In my experience the ratio of good to bad is pretty impressive for a major label. Extra Fancy is an obvious candidate for the Stiff Sheet. They don't sound like rockabilly legend Buck Owens, but nudie suits appear to be a part of their image. They spring from the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles and they made their reputation in gay bars. Listening to the CD I can't help but think Psychone Rangers or Supersuckers. Some of the stink from old lawnmowers and steel gas cans stored in a garage seeps through. Extra Fancy garage punk.

Investigate the CD booklet before pressing play. What images do the half-naked girls and cowboys bring to mind? How about the naked man seated on a 55 gallon drum? For those deeper into design as a message check out the type-face. Press play. "Yes Sir." That's a song title not a reply. "Self Made" opens things right up. What things? "I'm sucking, soul sublime/Hold my head... this trade is rough." "Rough trade girl, mace in hand/Rough trade top seeks stepdad." Figured it out yet? "C'Mon Louie" has a Utah direction. "And in the school in the showers do you feel like a criminal?(C'mon, c'mon!)/I wanna tell the preacher but I know I'm gonna lie (C'mon Louie!)/He's got the blood on his hands of a thousand suicides." "You set me up I fell for you, infected me 'bout 7 years ago/Punch drink I fell in love, no warning/you should have told me, you should've said something."

The entire album is filled with gritty, slamming garage-punk. An extra fancy disc fer sure.

—Dildo Baggins

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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Andrei
Chikatilo
"The Red
Ripper"

As fear rose from her body like steam, he pushed her to the ground. She struggled against him, but her futile efforts and terrified screams were like an aphrodisiac to him. He shoved dirt in her mouth and punched her about her head and face, finally strangling her to death. Her fear and absolute terror brought about a sensation that he was not accustomed to but nevertheless craved. As his sexual excitement rose in unison with her terror they both came to their final climax — hers death — his sexual release.

He was Andrei Chikatilo, Russia's first and one of the worlds worst serial killers, nicknamed "The Red Ripper". She was Larisa Tkachenco, Andrei's second victim. Her only reason for death was being 12 years old and very naive.

Andrei was born on October 16, 1936 in Yablochnoye, which was a very rich land, until Stalin invaded and killed any one who resisted except those who escaped or were banished. According to Andrei, his grandfather was banished,

and from there the Chikatilo's lived a very poor life filled with famine and fear. His mother became very bitter and dominating, his older brother was eaten by starving neighbors and his father was branded and eventually died as a trader to his country, (he didn't mention his sister much).

He blamed his 'abnormalities' on these facts and never confided them to any one throughout his life until his arrest. His wife of 27 years (Feodisa) and two children (which authorities were amazed at, due to the fact he was totally impotent all his life) had no idea of what their loved one was capable of and actually engaged in. It wasn't until the confession from Andrei himself, that they came to the horrible realization of what he was. Chikatilo brutally murdered 55 women and children. Starting with a 9 year old child named Yelna Zakotnova in 1978, who he lured to a squalid house he'd kept as a secret den for perverse sexual experimentation, and had his first encounter with sexual gratification. Andrei was so unnerved

by this first encounter that he did not repeat it until 3 years later with Larisa, at which time he finally came to the realization he was meant to be a killer, and at that moment the worst serial killer in modern history embraced his calling with a vengeance.

Andrei went on the first few years perfecting his only 'talent', becoming very proficient at what he had chosen to do in his spare time, right down to successfully eluding officials in the largest manhunt in Russian history and maintaining his facade of normality for 12 years.

He was not a successful man and all his life he was ridiculed and despised by those who encountered him. He was extremely shy particularly with girls, almost to the point of terror. He wet his bed until age 12 and was teased in youth being called a 'Baba' (woman). He tried to get into a reputable college and was denied (which he blames on his fathers standing). He finally got into a trade college and graduated with high marks and a teaching degree. He got a job as a teacher (a highly respected profession) but was fired for inappropriate advances towards female children students.

Andrei did not despair, he finally got the job he was suited for, a traveling salesman, which allowed him to come and go without notice. It was during this time he embraced his passions with a frenzy. He started killing 2 or 4 times a year but quickly graduated to 1 or 2 a week. With each murder he became more vicious, at first the victims weakness was enough to bring about sexual release, but eventually his release came only with more perverse and horrid actions like cutting them open while they were still alive and taking out their sexual organs and eyes. Then he would either eat them, or shove them back into the bodies, while the victims would scream and fight for their lives.

Andrei Chikatilo was finally arrested on November 11, 1990 and showed no remorse or reaction during his trial until the verdict and sentence was passed, at which time he yelled "Why me? I demand the podium! Get me a lawyer! I didn't confess to anything! Show me the Corpses" He evidently forgot everything he said and showed them including his own analysis of himself when he said "I am a mistake of nature, I deserve to be done away with" Andrei's final sentencing came on October 15, 1992, exactly one day before his 56th birthday, when he finally received a bullet in the back of the head. The Red Ripper's era was finally over.

Note: Russian authorities didn't believe it possible for them to have a serial killer, that in itself hindered the investigation. However if they would have considered the possibility could he have been stopped earlier, and could many shattered lives have been spared?

—Tanya Cintron

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MEICES



The following interview was conducted shortly before the Meices arrived in Salt Lake City as a part of the Warped Tour. Due to circumstances surrounding the "list" I was unable to gain admittance until after the Meices had played. Since I am not employed by the Salt Lake Tribune I refused to purchase a ticket. Part of the reward for hacking out the words is free admission. One of the grid/X-96 people was standing behind me in line. He derived some amusement from the gentleman in front of me, who surprisingly enough, wasn't on the "list" either. He made a comment to me about this gentlemen being a liar. When I stepped up to the window, only to be turned away, he found it more amusing. He and Reed Glick, (the Warped Tour manager) stood laughing. The radio station (X96) is utter and com-



plete boredom. Some of those involved with both are utter and complete trendy, pretentious assholes. I love talking to people who are real. Joe (vocals/guitar) of the Meices is real. He talks just like I do. Fuck this and fuck that. If you don't fucking like it don't read it fucker. Joe is a pretty funny person.

SLUG: Colin Escott, in his latest book, states that he doesn't like to do interviews because the answers are as rehearsed as the set list. What do you

think about that? Joe: Oh, so you just want to make shit up? I don't care whatever you want to do. SLUG: No, no what do you think about his comment. Are the answers rehearsed? Do they rehearse you in the record label boardroom? Joe: Fuck no. We rehearse those fuckers. We gotta tell them how to do their fucking job. They better not be coming and telling us what the fuck to do. SLUG: Next question. Joe: That was a question? SLUG: Yeah. Joe: Sorry that was pretty funny. I thought you were making a comment. But that answer was rehearsed. SLUG: Are you in a bus or a van. Joe: In a van. Always in a van. We used to be in a retarded school bus. SLUG: Filter's short bus? Joe: We wore the helmets and the whole get-up.

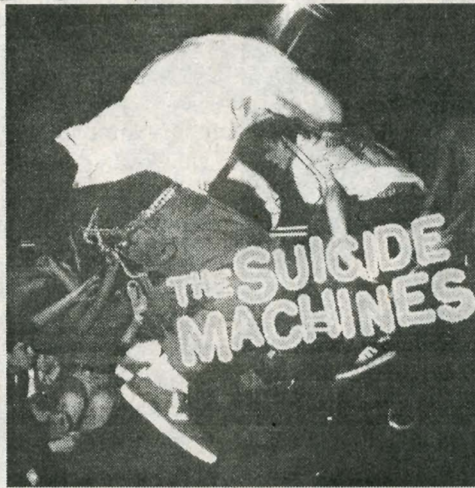
SLUG: You are coming back to Salt Lake with the Warped Tour. Do you think it's more exciting than Lollapalooza this year? Joe: I think so. But then again I'm not on Lollapalooza. SLUG: Would you be more excited to be on Lollapalooza? Joe: I don't think so cause a lot of our friends bands are playing at the Warped thing. It's going to feel really good showing 'em all up. SLUG: You have a lot of friends involved? The press thing says that all the bands have some involvement with board sports. What's your involvement. Joe: Snowboarding and surfing. I'm surfing Stevie's snowboarding and Shaun's snowboarding. I pretty much suck at snowboarding. I keep trying to move my feet. SLUG: And they're locked. Joe: Right. I can do like minimal stuff, like the kiddy hill or whatever. But, it's very strange for me. I'm afraid to...the thing about snowboarding is to keep your momentum up and I'm always afraid to keep my momentum going. That's another phobia that I don't want to discuss. Truth of the matter is, I'm pretty shit hot at surfing. SLUG: How's the ocean. Are you involved with Surfrider? Joe: I give ten percent of my earnings to them.

Continued On Page 24

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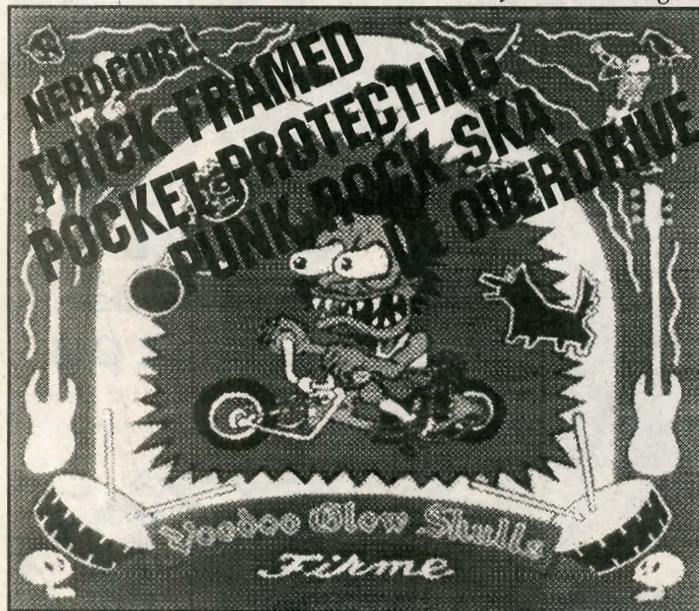
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The Meices continued...

SLUG: Epitaph doesn't seem happy that Fishbone is headlining the tour. Any comment. Joe: I don't think it's too cool myself. But, I'm not thrilled about it and I'm not pissed off either. There are two stages and we aren't playing on that stage. I guess if Epitaph has a problem with it; that's their problem. I don't really give a fuck one way or the other. I don't think that band really fits into it. Into the genre and the theme of it as well as some of the other bands, but it's gonna be a big potty. We'll be out in Salt Lake drinking that 1.0 beer. SLUG: At least you aren't playing at the lake. It was at the lake last year. Joe: Oh really. SLUG: Have you ever been to the lake? Joe: No. I guess I've driven past it a few times. It's pretty salty right. SLUG: It stinks. Joe: It does? SLUG: It's a sewer. Joe: Oh really?

SLUG: Which is making you more money, the song on the *Empire Records* soundtrack ("Ready Steady") or your *Dirty Bird* album. Joe: Oh man. SLUG: Sorry. Joe: It's funny you ask that because the *Empire Records* soundtrack just went gold. Embarrassingly enough, that record sold so many fucking copies.



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I don't know. I think *Dirty Bird* is totally fucking great. I think more people should find out about it. SLUG: You aren't getting anything played on the radio? "Wow!" maybe? Joe: Well, "Wow!" was for awhile and now "Uncool" is the second single. It feels good to have a song on a record that's gold, but it's not like our whole album. SLUG: Do you think of "Uncool" as a country song? Joe: A country song? Whew! Man, I don't know. SLUG: It kind of sounds like a Meatpuppets country song to me. Joe: It does? It's way better than the Meatpuppets. Those guys wish they could write a song that good.

"Uncool" might be available at local retailers as a CD5. Some songs on the CD5 will be released on vinyl singles. "Wash Your Face" is a thrashing little ditty. Joe: That's coming out on a 7" SLUG: For which label? Joe: Let's see. "Wash Your Face" is coming out on Magwheel Records out of Montreal. It's going to be the B-side to "Animals" (That song is also on the CD5) The cover is this illustration of two little kids sitting at a dinner table with meat all coming out of their teeth and shit all over their face. SLUG: When is it coming out? Joe: It's coming out probably in August.

We have three seven inchers coming out this summer. Well, late this summer. SLUG: Will you have any of them with you on the tour? Joe: No, I don't think they'll be done by then. They all went to press. They're pretty cool. There's another one on this label called Itchy Korean. It's awesome. It's a song called 'Was Ever Was' that didn't make it on the record. We recorded it for *Dirty Bird*. It's backed by "Lettuce Is Far Out" live, that sounds like we're playing Budokan, or something. We recorded it at the Louisville Gardens. We did a couple of radio shows this summer. It's so bad ass. it sounds like

we are playing Madison Square Gardens. Fucking funny shit.

SLUG: You're playing radio shows? Is that "radio station sponsored" shows? Joe: Yeah, we did a few this summer. We're doing some more too. Your local alternative (how much sarcasm did he put into that word?) station will bring all these bands in. They'll have ten bands or something. SLUG: Your early connections are in the Northwest, like with Empty. And you are from San Francisco. How did you get connected in the Northwest? Joe: Just by touring up there and putting out seven inchers on Empty and the full-length. Our record label and agency at that time was out of Seattle. So we had this whole Seattle contingency...knowing a lot of people, playing with the bands up there, things like that. Nirvana, Mudhoney, you know. SLUG: Nirvana and Mudhoney? I was noticing 7 Year Bitch and Treepeople. Joe: I know I like those bands. SLUG: Man...Or Astroman? Joe: What about Man...Or Astroman? SLUG: Yeah, Man...Or Astroman? Joe: I think they rip man. SLUG: Did you tour with them or did you just play one day with them? Joe: We played a couple of shows with them. They're trippy man. We played in their home town and they brought all this stuff down to the show. All kinds of crazy things. They had a truck full of things they were bringing in.

It took two hours to gain entrance to the Warped Tour. I missed the Meices. It wasn't my fault this time. Finally, after bringing a label representative to the will call window and the arrival of a United Concerts employee, the tickets showed up. If anyone connected with the Meices runs into Reed Glick thank him for me. The next time you are keeping the gates Reed remember that it doesn't always matter if a person has the little polo guy on their shirt, or Gap khakis, some of us aren't liars. If I ever have the chance to pay Reed Glick back I will do so - ten-fold. The Warped tour was the most fun of the summer. I got in and I got the entire award winning SLUG bowling team in. It's only too bad there are others more important and trendy in Salt Lake. Maybe if I'd served that mission...

Go buy the Meices "product" and call every alternative station, including the Mountain, requesting airplay.

—The Transient



SUPER 8 RETRACTION

Not a month goes by without a complaint from the advertisers. It seems that someone from Super 8's record label called SLUG Magazine and complained over a favorable review. I was ordered by the big boss to write a retraction of the following sentences. "Super 8 played somewhere last month, I think. No one I knew could find out the exact date or venue. Too bad the record label fucked up because the CD is excellent."

The story is long and difficult. One sentence will receive a change. "Too bad someone employed by the record label fucked up because the CD is excellent." I was informed on two separate occasions that Super 8 would play a live date in Utah. The informant was employed by the label. I attempted to verify the information with other label employees. They found dates in surrounding states, but none in Utah. The sentences were "insider" sarcasm. I guess someone on the inside wasn't informed that marketing for a non-existent date was going on. I apologize for them. I'm a little surprised at the label's response. I praised the CD to the high heavens. The end.

—Corporate Whore

Collectors Choice Featuring Professor Longhair Rounder



What we have here are 10 Professor Longhair tunes and nine rarities from other New Orleans musicians. As the liner notes state Professor Longhair was at a low point in his career when these songs were waxed. He was sweeping floors in a record shop. It was the late '50s and early '60s. His version of New Orleans R&B had gone out of fashion. The sides presented are among his most rare and it makes a good addition to any collection. His most famous song is "Go To Mardi Gras," the version presented is the definitive one. In addition to Longhair are other gems from what is termed the "Golden Era of New Orleans R&B." Irma Thomas, Al Johnson, Joe Jones, Martha Carter, Tommy Ridgley, Eddie Bo, Bobby Mitchell, Lenny Capello and the Velvetiers each get one song. Ric and Ron are labels to watch for at the thrift shop. This collection eliminates the need.

—WAAA

Dig Defenders of the Universe Radioactive Records

Dig. Yes, Dig. And I say again Dig. Do any of you people remember this band? That bratty song "Believe" that came out in '93 that got quite a bit of radio and MTV air play, any of you remember that? I actually bought (from the used bins) the record that song was on, their self-titled debut, and was slightly impressed with the album. The grinding tracks "I'll Stay High", "Let Me Know", and "Fuck You" were actually pretty damn good. The best aspect of Dig's music is the snotty voice, and attitude, of vocalist/guitarist Scott Hackwith; which lent a huge pissed-off, "sick of your shit", feeling to the bands grinding rock sound. This heavy sound was pulled off by the bands three!?! guitarists and by Dave Jerdens (Orange 9mm, Biohazard) well layered production; that gave them more depth than most of the second rate garage bands that suddenly popped up around time. Now it's three years later and Dig has released their second album; Defenders of the Universe. It looks that in three years the band has gone from a heavy, snotty

rock, to an not-so-heavy, not-so-snotty alternative rock sound; not that that's a really bad thing. If Dig are really the defenders of the universe, then their idea of Star Wars is cruising through the galaxy in topless T-Bird, surf boards in the back, joints planted firmly in their mouths, while flipping the bird at anything that pisses them off. Which happens on tracks like "Bashing In Your Head" and "Whose Side You On?"; where Scott sings "I'm an open wound, I'm a crack boy, I'm a shithead, I'm a carpet stain, I'm a maggots dream". So you see, their snotty attitude is still there, unfortunately just not as much as it should be. Still, the record has a pretty dynamic sound even if it's a more "alternative" nature; the tracks "Mood Elevator", "White Sabbath", "Wall Socket", and of course "Bashing in your head", is worth owning the disc. And who knows maybe in three or four years, Dig will release their third album, with four!?! guitar players, called Riders of the Wave, which will feature their "new" sound of snotty hippie surf rock; watch out Phish!

—Kevlar M

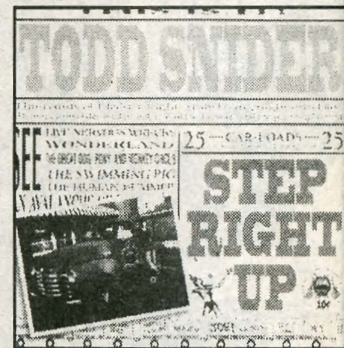
Roger Miller The Benevolent Disruptive Ray SST Records

The first question you are probably wondering is, "who the hell is Roger Miller?" Well let me explain to you who he is, so you can impress your friends with your newfound musical knowledge. Miller used to be lead vocalist and guitarist for an old punk band called Mission of Burma; whose rumored demise is due to Millers hearing loss, brought on by Burma's loud sound. Fortunately he did not just let his love for music die with his hearing disadvantage. Without running the risk of damaging his hearing further, Miller started composing passionately intense music on a Grand Piano. Yuck!, you say, Piano music sucks!, Only old people or kids whose parents are rich and ween their kids on classical music listen to the stuff. Whoa, slow down there pardner! You've got to be a little bit more open minded then that. Millers piano work is not as dated as classical but still has

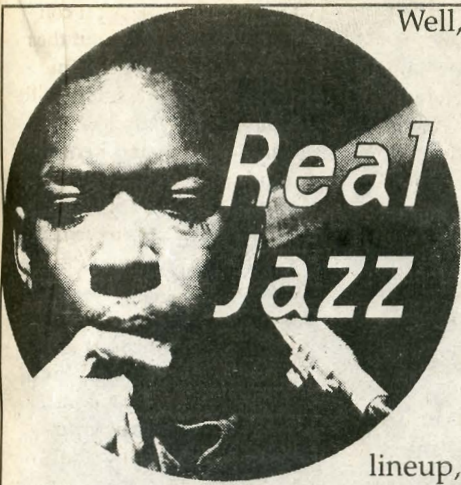
that passion that classical composers flowed throughout their work. Miller brings graceful piano work into the future without sounding cheesy like New Age artists Yanni and Kenny G. It's kind of nice to listen to something besides hard rock music all the time, sometimes a break is nice, listening to something mellow, sipping wine, and kicking back in a chair. Even the most naive music lover can appreciate his sonic intense compositions, constructed in the same manner that Underground rock musicians write their music. Miller's still playing Punk music, just on the piano instead, check it out.

—Kevlar M

Todd Snider Step Right Up Margaritaville Records/ MCA



We can probably all remember that hidden track from his first album; even if we didn't know it was his; the untitled anti-anthem of grunge about a band that was so alternative they 'wouldn't even play a note' Back at the college radio where I worked, it played continuously for a month and a half and then the whole thing got dropped like all novelties get dropped, disregarded, and completely forgotten. It was a shame considering that besides that one track the rest off it was well crafted folk story-telling, serious and worth the time to hear (excluding My Generation another quirky piece). So how will this new venture fair? Honky tonk folk in the veins of Petty, Dylan, and even a bit of Rave Ups in it. If the success of Tracy Chapman's bluesy single is any indication, then maybe there is a revived interest in traditional styled pieces, even enough for this other extreme of traditional. I find it hard to believe, however, that many readers will be able to

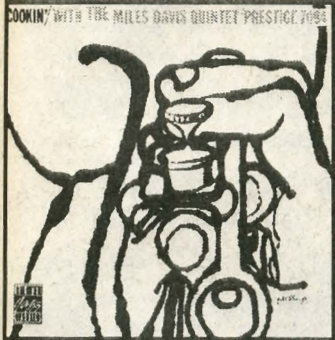


Real Jazz

Well, Psuedo jazzbos, acid trip hop hipsters, here it is is REAL JAZZ.

Miles Davis
Cookin with the Miles Davis Quintet
Prestige

If you don't know the lineup, you don't know jazz, but here it is. Miles Davis—Trumpet, John Coltrane—Tenor Sax, Red Garland—Piano, Paul Chambers—Bass, and Philly Joe Jones on Drums. Possibly the best combo in modern jazz, this was THE group from 1955 to '57. This was



recorded on October 26, 1956 in Hackensack NJ, during Miles' Cafe Bohemia sessions. Miles recorded 4 records on the same day, mostly in one take. The other 3 were Relaxin, Workin and Steamin. There are only four tracks on the

'Cookin' record, but all classics. Particularly "Blues by Five" and "Tune Up" This is an outstanding record that gives you a great sense of what this group was to the fifties jazz scene. Not to mention arguably the best recorded version of 'My Funny Valentine'. Five stars, no question.

—Maxx

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- Wednesday 8/21
Noco Joe
- Thursday 8/22
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CD Reviews

appreciate an album so full of twang that it almost belongs to the Nashville Network. Another shame; it's an exceptional album that will receive no attention.

—JAND

H2O Blackout!

With the lines, "My friends look out for me like family/ My mom's been struggling since I was three/ Am I scared, am I pushed, am I worried?/ Another day, another year, so what's the hurry", H2O kick out the jams with this tough as nails debut. The best way to describe this record would be to have you remember the pure, aggressive attitude of old school hardcore groups like Cro-Mags, Warzone, Youth of Today, and Gorilla Biscuits. Brotherhood, Reality checks for new-school straight-edgers, betrayal, and not forgetting your roots; are topics covered by lead vocalist Toby Morse. Toby happens to be straightedge, not SLC dumbass fanatics, but a real east coast 'edger who is quick to let people know that the rest of his band mates "Everyone around me is stoned, fuckin drinking; I don't give a shit, I'm not closed minded. I truly love this record, it recaptures those memories of older times when the scene was true and new; everyone was in the scene together and it wasn't no fucking competition or for generic people who are quick to jump on their platforms without knowing what it truly stands for. H2O opened for Downset. and Shelter, they stole the fucking show, playing with such aggressive energy, it drove the audience into a total frenzy. This record closely captures the fun and the spirit of their set at that show. If your even somehow connected to the scene you need to pick up this

record, to see what Hardcore is and was about. Like H2O says in the song "Family Tree": "Don't forget the struggle, don't forget the streets, don't forget your roots, and don't sell out!" Positive Hardcore for a SLC scene that's forgot what hardcore really means and stands for.

—Kevlar M

Congo Norvell *The Dope, The Lies, The Vaseline* Priority

No cover on this one, it's an advance, and the press information lacks a few details. Congo Norvell is Kid Congo Powers and Sally Norvell. Appearing someplace or other on the recording are names from bands such as; The Spitters, Nick Cave, Lydia Lunch, Lou Reed, Los Lobos, Geraldine Fibbers, Sweet Cream USA and the Crime and City Solution. Kid Congo Powers has been in a few romping, stomping, dark bands in the past. Sally Norvell is an independent film maker classically trained with punk roots.

The disc is the soundtrack to a film never made. Eerie torch songs describe a romance that isn't quite happy - slow motion desperation. Congo's guitar is minimal. It says so right in the press thing. Norvell is the newest diva on the block. Her voice paints various shades of gray into a black and picture of love in smoke-filled '40s beer joint. Without a doubt the highlight of the entire project is "You Can Lay With Dogs." An uncredited saxman blows the smoke completely out of the lounge. The second highlight is "Murder." A Piano bangs, guitars feedback, synths sway and the song describes the entire range of human emotion in a few minutes. **THE DOPE, THE LIES, THE VASELINE** is kool like the cigarettes can only wish for.

—DaFoe

Wild Strawberries *Heroine* Netzwerk

Mediocrity is killing reviews. Too many bands are being released that are not necessarily good or bad; just eh... well, you know, they're okay—nothing to write home about or even to SLUG. This would be a great



case in point. The opening track is good: moody, haunting. In that one piece I Don't Want To Think About It, the duo comes off a bit like what would be expected if Eve's plum got a shipment of heroin (bad pun actually intended) and teamed up with KD Lang on the vocals. It sways back forth in a daze, noisy guitar in the background, and heavy thick vocals almost half asleep and detached dropping lines like Nobody'd guess you were touching me between the love of God and sister mercy. But then the second track starts the rest of the album in, well, nothing. Dull monotony. Better to get just a single of the first track and leave it at that.

—JAND

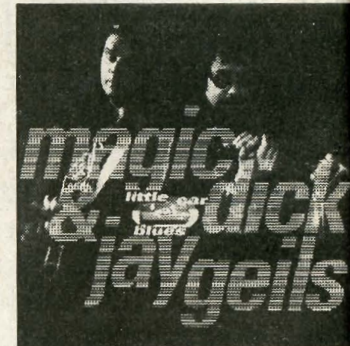
New Jersey Kings *Stratosphere Breakdown* Hollywood/Acid Jazz

Fat! Funky! Groovy! Fresh! Bass that's on fire! Flute and horns in your face! Beats to pat your feet to and have a ball! I hear ol' James Brown getting a little amazin' at these boogie down hunks of funk. A mesh of Jazz and fatback funk that gets the head a nodding and the shoes a movin', real dance music that has yet to break big here in Utah. Acid Jazz is the new style of music, along with Trip-Hop, that's over taking Techno clubs on both the East Coast and West Coast. The great thing about Acid Jazz is that it's not music that's processed on a mixing board, sequencer, or computer; like many Techno tracks. No, Acid Jazz is usually performed and recorded by real musicians who like the funky groove and want to have a ball. Say what!? You don't like Jazz or Funk!? You only like Hardcore, Punk, and Underground Rock!? Oh, I see you must be one of those scene

shakers who only like one style of music and to like any other types would just cramp your tastes; (plus what would your friends think? Your an uncool fool for liking Acid Jazz, you poser.) I guess your just to suave to like this, right? Alot of bands in the Underground Rock scene are heavily influenced by Jazz and Funk musicians. Even I don't think I could have enjoyed the many chord progressions that many heavy hitting bands that I listen to play; if I hadn't been taught by the masters John Coltrane and James Brown. Besides; listening to New Jersey Kings tracks "Stoned on Denmark Street" and "Green Screen" are just so DAMN relaxing, right on chill music after a stressful day. Other tracks like "Smokin" and "Super Seven" make me want to grab the ol' bass guitar and get down to it. Try this album if you want to marvel at real freeform musicianship, or want to get the party really bumping! DIG!

—Kevlar M

Magic Dick & Jay Geils *Little Car Blues* Rounder



A disc of red hot blues and jazz. Most tunes are covers with a few originals sprinkled in. There are instrumentals, swinging jazz, R&B and a heavy emphasis on Chicago Blues as interpreted by two men who retreated from the rock arena to play the music they loved the best. If Duke Ellington, Willie Dixon, "Little Walter" Jacobs, Marvin Gaye and Junior Wells/Buddy Guy are a part of the collection think about adding **LITTLE CAR BLUES**. Interpretation and improvisation are the key words. The bass is acoustic and Jay Geils switches to a different vintage guitar for



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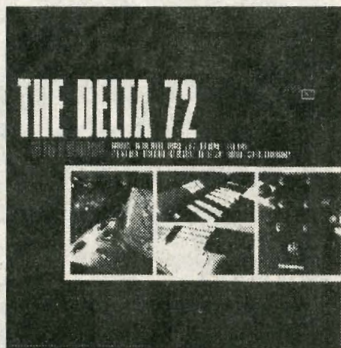
—Bob

The Moog Cookbook Restless Records

I finally did it! I found the perfect party album! It's true; The Moog Cookbook will leave all your friends in stitches! Hell, I even use this to record my greetings on my answering machine. So what makes this most hilarious albums of the year, you ask? Why are you raving so madly over this brother Kevlar, you question? Well it's an album full of tracks that are done all by Moog Keyboards; so what you get is an record full of these very cheesy, and I mean very cheesy, low-quality keyboard songs. Almost like some kid went to K-Mart, bought a real cheap synth' and recorded a album full of songs. What's that you say? You don't think that sounds very funny. Well, for all you square people who take things to serious, here's the kicker; they do cheesy renditions of popular Top 40 songs that may (or may not) be cheesy in their own right. Soundgarden's "Black Hole Sun" is reinterpreted by the Moog's (they're the "aliens from another planet" that are seen gracing the record CD sleeve, who in actuality is one member of the band Imperial Drag). "Buddy Holly" by Weezer, "Smells Like Teen Spirit" by Nirvana, "The One I Love" by R.E.M. are among some of the others The Moog's use their "cosmic force" on. The best is by far "Basket Case" by Green Day that ends up sounding like the theme song for Three's Company or other 70's T.V. shows opening credit songs. This album will leave you on the floor for awhile and when you regain your senses, you can impress

your friends with your fresh unexpected humorous sounds. If your to bland (that reads "fucking boring") to get caught up in the Moog Cookbook, that's okay; not everyone is lucky enough to have the Moogs visit them from beyond this world. Only a select few, with the courage, will share in the event, and what an experience it is. (Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh, Heh!)

—Kevlar M



The Delta 72 The R&B Of Membership Touch & Go

Delta 72 fall into the good category. How many of you saw them at the Bar & Grill? Go ahead raise your hands. Not many? Read the words of some fat chick who stuck a mike in their faces while she stole food off their plates. I don't know if it actually happened, but... Where were we? Delta 72 swerve into the lane of Jack O' Fire before they bring on the female singer and the crazed organ. They pay visits to many museums. Most of them are cob-webbed and horrible. The final analysis can only lie in an oil slick. Delta 72 are a blues band. Quite obviously their blues don't fit in with the blues white yuppies purchase, but it is indeed the blues. A great record and a great live show!

—Bukka Whiteboy

Chevy Heston Destroy Cherrydisc Record

Imagine if The Beatles were still together. John Lennon wasn't dead, none of them had successful solo careers; in fact, people had more intelligence and could see how horrific and sickening The Beatles bubble gum pop music really is. Now at this point The Beatles are screwed over by their record label and end up getting dropped, since

their label can't find a way to push their music onto radio listeners that demand more depth than The Beatles simple pop melodies. Bitter, scorned, and betrayed; the fab four go underground. Several years later, A band called Chevy Heston emerges from Boston, playing twisted and demented pop songs that shocks but fascinates listeners at the same time. Chevy Hestons vocalist has such a flowery passionate voice that its a wonder that he didn't actually play in The Beatles. When you listen to Destroy, the simple melodies are hard to swallow at first, you actually want to turn it off; but there's something really catchy about this record, I still can't put my finger on what really is, that keeps you putting it in the C.D. player. Maybe it's the simple melodies that are really well played with lots of depth that are apparent upon further listening. Or the VERY short play times of each of the songs. Some are forty seconds long, others are two minutes, while there are no actual breaks in between songs. One song plays and then either fades out to be replaced by another song quickly, or the track abruptly ends by another songs beginning. It's actually really cool, hearing the perfect pop band breaking all the rules of professional recording. There's eighteen actual "songs" that make up the records demented "story"; which is actually derived from true stories found in newspapers and on television. Centered around a suburban High School, all kinds of things run rampant behind closed doors: drugs, sex, violence. I don't want to divulge to much more of the fun, get the album and find out for yourself what the Fab Four would have sounded like if they had been in the Underground.

—Kevlar M

Nexus Junket Hear Openeye Records

Thanks to all those who support indie music and buy this album, or so the end of the liner notes read. A bit pretentious? Probably I thought, but who knows, maybe it was typo. How self absorbed can a band be if all

they write about is some identity crisis, well..., very. Of course they try to hide it with lines of 'I think just who I would be if not for all my empathy' but they don't mean it. Come on, ending a piece of spiritual crisis with 'It's time we started to accept that we're the real Gods' after blaming a Jesus figure for all the ills of the world shows a lack of effort. They seem all to willing to fall into some new generic humanism instead of really trying to find an answer on their own. All of this from a band that has the mordacity to assume they are the epitome of 'indie' music and if you don't buy their album the whole independent world will come to a crashing demise, and through it all their music is a complete rip off of Jethro Tull.

—JAND

The Crow City Of Angels Hollywood Records

Oh boy, another "grunge/industrial" soundtrack. The souvenirs for the movie hit the shelves before the soundtrack or the "gala" premier. While awaiting the audience reaction have a listen to the soundtrack. Songs from Hole, Bush, Seven Mary Three and Toadies are all included for your listening pleasure. Thankfully the parental advisory sticker is absent. All the little children of the Korn can purchase the disc without permission. There are others on the soundtrack. White Zombie has a song, Filter is a band on the edge. Hee, hee. So are the Deftones, hee, hee. Bush has gone all tribal on us. Watch for them to appear on a techno album next. Hey, if they can copy Seattle, why not try for the music of their own country. Now don't get me wrong. The soundtrack is really, really cool. Take for instance P.J. Harvey screeching for a change. Tricky has teamed up with a rap act for his entry. Tricky can do no wrong. Iggy Pop is the godfather of something or other. Just like the Salt Lake Tribune I referred to my Trouser Press Record Guide before listening to a live version of the Stooges classic, "I Wanna Be Your Dog."

Above the Law featuring Frost goes beyond cool.

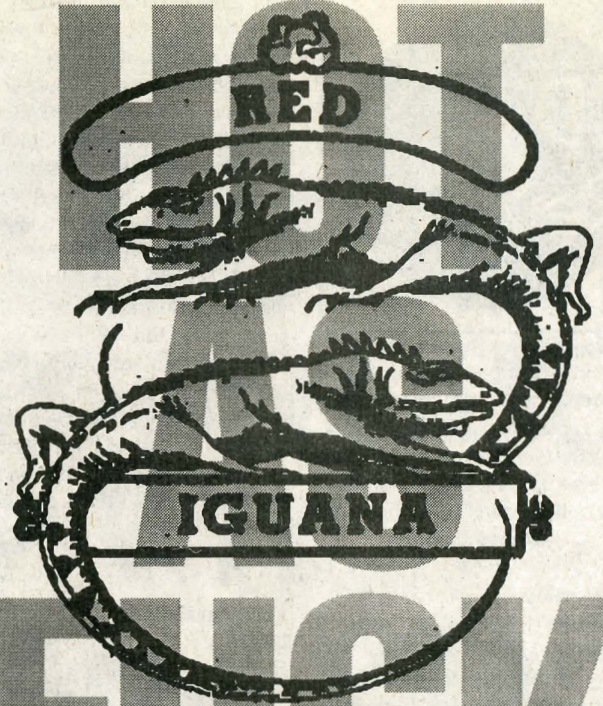
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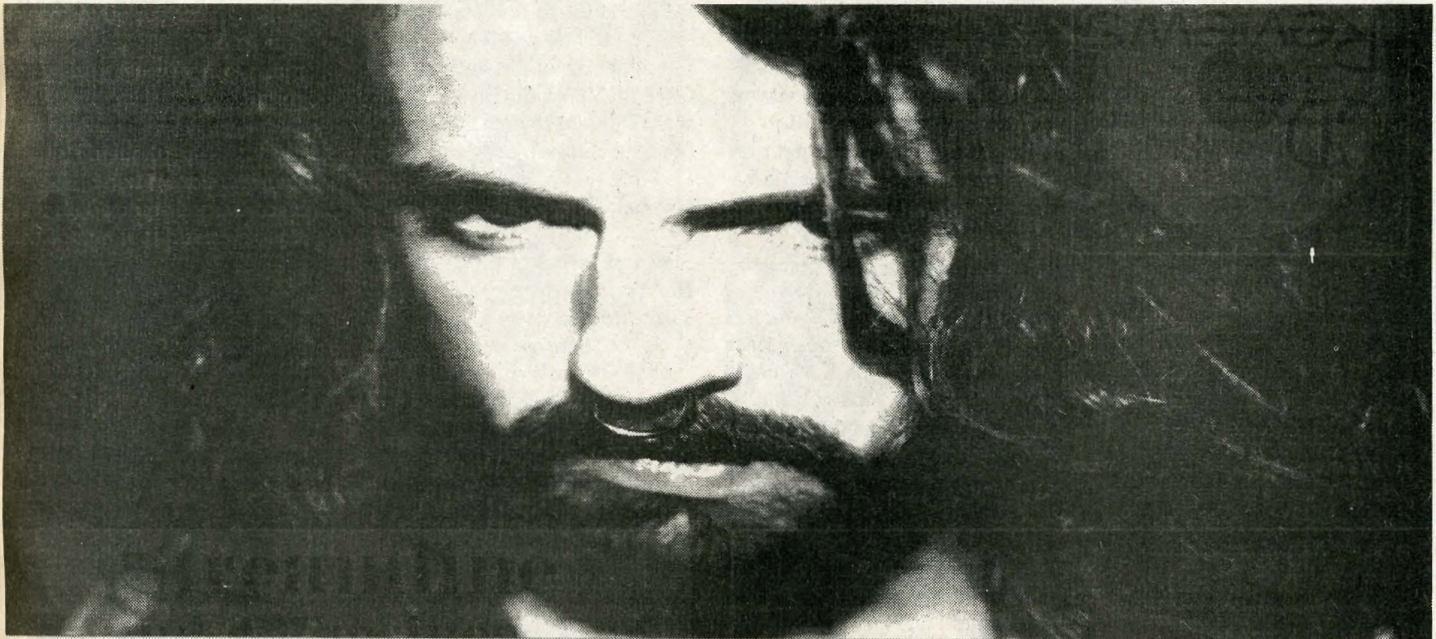
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It ranks right up there with the Tricky cut. The best tune of the set features a Joan Jett/Debbie Harry imitator totally rocking out. Watch for the lesser material to receive numerous adds on formerly "alternative" stations.

—Bruise Leigh

Dori Hartley
Blue Djinn
Tuxedo Music

I put this CD in and my first thought was "new Led Zeppelin?". I was quickly proved wrong when the sweet sounds of Nina Simone came singing out, or at least Dori Hartley, a convenient soundalike (Also the music is nothing like Led Zeppelin except for the first refrain of the first song. More like Paula Cole mixed hipper, with an occasional accordion and southwest middle eastern flavor.) She's got a sweet voice and for the most part she puts it to good use. She gets caught in the trap sometimes of letting her lyrics blind her to what the actual song sounds like, but it seems to be a common epidemic these days so I guess it's forgivable. If you're sick of hearing about the effects of the current status quo on the average non-porn-star-breasted-and-Calvin-Klein-thin woman in today's society then it's not for you, but it's a worthy cause to rail against and Ms. Hartley does it well.

—Capt. America

Fleming And John
Delusions Of Grandeur
Universal/Rex

God, if you had to judge the band by the album cover alone you'd just keep walking on. What a bunch of freaks. But the freaks are fun, even if it is a throw back to the seventies 'Heart' sister duo. Nothing really all that impressive but fun lit-

tle guitar licks and kinda groovy. Occasionally they get to a good written line, 'afraid of photographs of mom and dad when they were young' but for the most part it's the execution of Fleming McWilliams voice that actually carries the weight of the pieces when the lyrical content falls. 'Love Songs' might be the weakest of the tracks on the album; radio friendly and a bit predictable, but hey there's a weak point in any chain. Not a bad album if you can get through the urge of trying to insert the lyrics of 'Barracuda' on any of the pieces, especially the first track, but I don't think this is a keeper.

—JAND

Leah Androne
Veiled
RCA

At least one person loves Leah Androne's voice, and she's the one singing on the album. She certainly modulates and fluctuates and wails on and on, the bottom line is that she sounds like her voice has never progressed beyond 15 years old. Really squeaky and nasally, it gets annoying about halfway through the first song. The production of the album itself is all fine and well, the instrumentation is pretty funky if a little redundant but I couldn't get past the voice. Kind of like your kid sister cutting an album.

—Capt. America



One Love
Tribute To Bob Marley
Verve/Antilles

How cool is this CD? As anyone should know Verve has a long history as a top jazz label. The tribute features jazz musicians doing reggae. Courtney Pine has been discussed before in the pages of SLUG. He opens things with "Nice Time" and he

produced the CD. The vocal duties are shared by Juliet Roberts, Carroll Thompson, Cleveland Watkins and Chris Johnston. On trombone for the second song, "Night Shift," is Dennis Rollins. The trombone is fabulous indeed, but check out the vibes. Orphy Robinson doing reggae on a vibraphone? Watch for the next sensation — a ska band with vibes.

Reggae is a highly spiritual music, a fact that is mostly lost on the dreadlocked, unwashed wannabe hippies of the present. The reverence demonstrated by these jazz cats is impressive. They are not simply covering the songs, as seems to be the case with most "tribute" albums, they are actually paying homage. The vocals are filled with soul, the improvisations reach into the stratosphere yet never forget the subject. As the disc moves through "Natural Mystic," "One Love," "I Shot The Sheriff" and "Waiting In Vain" the soul is brought to the fore, the jazz backs. Things are just as they should be because American R&B was the original inspiration for reggae music anyway. A more fitting tribute to Bob Marley is difficult to imagine. The only thing that could possibly top ONE LOVE would be a dub version. Think of that as the next bong hit causes a coughing fit.

—Jay "hack, hack"

Hupher
Sick and Wrong
Hot Beef Injection
Vagrant Records

There's a public access show in NY called "Sick and Wrong" that shows operations on babies and dead cats getting pulled apart and people pissing on each other, etc. The cover of this album is a woman with a BIG strap on getting ready, the inside shows a close up of a nipple piercing and the lead singers laying around in lingerie. Whether they're actually both women is up to question. The songs are all great on paper dealing as they do with older women and young boys ("sweet little underage piece of meat"), being hung like a horse, getting a sex change, or slapping your meat. There's a lengthy anthem obviously meant to get the audience

to moon them in concert. The problem with the music for my money is that at times it's just this side of surfy, which doesn't necessarily appeal to me in my garage punk. I like it a little harder than that, whereas the walking guitar riffs make it sound cutesy. Lyrics, 10. Execution 7.5.

—Capt. America

Fu Manchu
In Search Of...
Mammoth Records



Magnet, Kyuss and Cream weren't at the forefront of musical influences the first time Fu Manchu hit the changer. Blue Cheer and MC5 came to mind. The band claims Blue Cheer, but they appear to lean more towards Iggy than Tyner. I guess it's all about politics. Black Sabbath is checked off and then they get to the Grand Funk thing. Mensclub has already marked off that territory, but Fu Manchu aren't paying tribute to anyone. The Blue Cheer comparison comes from the astonishing similarity between Fu Manchu's Scott Hill and one Dickey Peterson. VINCEBUS ERUPTUM isn't the album, these guys began with OUTSIDE INSIDE.

The press release claims brutality in the music. It could well be brutal live, but after listening to some of the music scheduled for the upcoming month, including the bands scheduled to play with Fu Manchu, brutality doesn't count in their case. Listening to IN SEARCH OF... is like taking a time machine trip. Riff dependent heavy metal before head banging became fashionable and psychedelic was actually accompanied by horse capsules full of psylocybin. Find a muscle car and a gas station selling regular for 50¢ a gallon. Pick up a blonde

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Tue 13	Syracuse, NY	Lost Horizon
Wed 14	Cleveland, OH	Esclid Tavern
Thu 15	Westland, MI	Farrow's Golden Cu
Fri 16	Evanston, IL	Hennaway Auditorium
Sun 18	Waukegan, WI	Waukegan Expo Center
Mon 19	Omaha, NE	Dog Factory
Tue 20	Kansas City, MO	Daily Grind
Wed 21	Denver, CO	Micromy Cafe
Thu 22	Salt Lake City, UT	Bar & Grill
Fri 23	Reno or Sacramento, CA	TBA
Sat 24	Berkeley, CA	924 Gilman
Sun 25	San Francisco, CA	Trocadero
Mon 26	Santa Barbara, CA	The Livingroom
Tue 27	Corona, CA	Showcase Theater
Wed 28	San Diego, CA	Che Cafe/Soul Kitchen
Thu 29	Tucson, AZ	The Rock
Fri 30	Mesa, AZ	Nite Theater
Sat 31	El Paso, TX	TBA
September		
Sun 01	Austin, TX	Voodoo Lounge
Mon 02	Denton, TX	Argo Club
Tue 03	Fayetteville, AR	Skate Station
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wed 28	Kansas City, MO
thu 29	Omaha, NE
fri 30	Chicago, IL
sat 31	Green Bay, WI
September	
sun 01	Rockford, IL
mon 02	Indianapolis, IN
tue 03	Washington, DC
wed 04	Hoboken, NJ or CMJ
thu 05	New York, NY
fri 06	Cambridge, MA
sat 07	New Haven, CT
sun 08	Philadelphia, PA
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bimbo, plug an eight-track dub of Fu Manchu in the deck and remember when the '70s were cool. Fu Manchu is scheduled to play at the Sweatfest. The location is the New Hope Center. The address is 400 North 1100 West. Doors @ 7:00 pm.

—Vince Kneel

Bellatrix
Stranger Tales
Bad Taste Ltd

From the land of Bjork comes this all girl band Bellatrix. With two guitarists, a violinist and five singers, it's pretty multi-layered power pop. I can't always tell what the hell they're singing about what with the multiple singers and the accents, but it doesn't really matter too much when it's fun music. They're all young girls judging by the photos and when I can tell the lyrics they're singing about fairy tales and frog princes and sleeping beauties and Icarus etc. There's quite a bit of singing along with the melody, a lot of high pitched la-la-la-la choruses that gives it an often dreamy quality. There's nothing wrong with a romantic idyllic version of the world as long as it never gets too new agey and this never does (they never sing about their crystalline empowerment or their tarot visions at least as near as I can tell), so it's all in good spirit. They kind of band you root for at Mayfest, and then hope you can hang out with them after the show.

—Capt. America

R.L. Burnside
A Ass Pocket Of Whiskey
Matador

Since Matador keeps their mailing list tight I wasn't privy to a free copy of **A ASS POCKET OF WHISKEY**. I bought one and it was damned

hard to find in this cultural wasteland. R.L Burnside is one of the trance players from the hill country of Mississippi. Rock critic Robert Palmer discovered him and most of his material is recorded for the Fat Possum label. The disc in question resulted from some shows Burnside did with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. One thing led to another and Burnside entered a recording studio with the Blues Explosion.

The result is not for the casual blues fan. Everyone knows these people. They love Clapton and Vaughan. Their radio listening is split between the Mountain, X-96 and the End. If anyone reading falls into the above mentioned category please turn the page. **A ASS POCKET OF WHISKEY** is all about fucking, drinking and being filled with the blues. The harmonica is played by Judah Bauer. He is not Popper, he has talent! The vocals are barely understandable. Think about a Utahn attempting to communicate with a resident of the deep South. The accent clash turns English into a foreign language. The guitars are nasty. Nasty, dirty, trance-inducing guitars. Plenty of gritty blues are contained on the disc. It is evident that no one in charge of Parental Advisory stickers had a listen. Those motherfuckers do this and they do that. Those fuckers do things that uppity white folk can't imagine in their wildest dreams. "You don't git outta ma face quick, ahm gonna kick yo ass you sonofabitch." "Colder than a mother-in-law's love." Too bad Howlin' Helen ain't around no more. Most definitely one for listening to in the midnight hour that stretches to dawn. Go buy it now or expect to have your God damned motherfucking ass kicked.

—Bukka Whiteboy

Download
The Eyes of Stanley Pain
Netzwerk

A whole lotta strange sounds piled on top of each other in true Trent Reznor fashion. Of course he bothers to write some lyrics to go on top of it (well, sometimes). There's narration over some of it, the purpose of which is beyond me ("You are

everything or anything that you want to be" - I mean that's a fine message to send to the youth of America but the target audience for this kind of music I would think already know that or are too fucked up to care). I think it's on NIN's Fixed album where the last three songs are almost totally unlistenable deconstructions of music that go on forever. This is much like that, although by now in history it's getting a little old. Don't get me wrong, it all sounds cool, but I think that it's uninteresting to take an amalgam of cool sounds, wire them together and weave an electronic soundscape and leave it at that. Call me traditional, but I'd rather hear a song made out of it. Give the raw material to Tricky, or Portishead, or hell give it to Busta Rhymes, I just want a point. Too muddy for the brain to process or my feet to dance to (maybe if I was on special K), it becomes just white noise experiment for a Nintendo bred brain.

—Capt. America



Geggy Tah
Sacred Cow
Luka Bop

For the audiophiles in the audience the disc was recorded on a Stephens analog tape recorder. Only those with \$15,000 stereo systems can appreciate the fact I'm sure. The music matters to me, not the AAA on the back of the CD. What is with the booby's who only buy CDs with certain letters on the back? "I'm an audiophile." Well fuck you, why don't you go buy a record then? At least that's pure analog, unless it was recorded direct to DAT. (The boss slaps me on the side of the head, snapping me back to reality. "Review the CD you idiot.") Geggy Tah made two appearances in Salt Lake City during July. The July 30 date with Weapon Of Choice was best

for both bands. Geggy Tah refuses to stick with a genre. I guess that means they are an "alternative" band. A bit of the bio is needed to describe where these guys get their ideas. Greg Kurstin is an accomplished jazz pianist. He can also play with guitar with some dexterity. Tommy Jordan is the vocalist. He's also a multi-instrumentalist and he's composed scores for David Lynch projects. Daren Hahn is the new drummer. **SACRED COW** is a funky groove driven visit to Bizarre, the label, which springs off into symphonic wonderment highlighted by concert hall, opera-like vocals of highly experimental nature. Nearly impossible to listen to in places, exceptionally pretty in others, and for the most part an album of instrumental improvisation with voice of the pop variety. "Don't Close the Door" recalls dance period Talking Heads. Is that a surprise? David Byrne is listed as one executive producer and Luka Bop is his label.

—WAA

Bif Naked
Her Royal Majesty's Records

I believe that Ms. Naked has been reviewed in these pages before as somewhat of a poseur. I see what the illustrious Mr. S. Felcher's point was. Near as I can tell the lady wants to be seen as a cute and harmless bouncy riot grrl, singing about sex and heartbreak and bisex liaisons, but she wants to get her heavy metal take me seriously tattooed side in as well. Kind of a bullshit approach, and neither image lets in such things as "Tell on You, a.k.a. Letter to my Rapist". If it's true and even if it isn't it's a tragedy and the guy should be killed, but it's not in place amongst the thumb nosing. There's a couple good songs: "Succulent" is quite good, samples from Public Enemy and will unfortunately play on Hot 94.9. "My Whole Life", in the same soul vein, is also pretty good. She crosses an array of styles but would have done well to remain with those two songs. There's a spoken word piece at the end that's pretty well timed, but I have a feeling were she to make a whole album it would wear thin quick. —Capt. America

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Reacharound
Who's Tommy Cooper?
Trauma Records

There they are on the back cover seated comfortably on a sofa and looking for all the world like a rockabilly band. "Big & Mean" is the first song, and a finer example of a band claiming the Reverend Horton Heat as an influence is difficult to imagine. Do not despair for they follow it up with an Oi! Oi! tune. There it is right on the lyric sheet Oi! Oi!. From thrashabilly to English punk rock and I'll be damned if a harmonica doesn't find its way into "Big Chair." Reacharound is derivative as hell. The manner the elements are combined is the attraction.

"Hole In My Soul" is thrash without the billy. There is that damned Matt Caisley trading off between vocals and mouth organ again. Forget Reverend Horton Heat, the band is influenced by Tenderloin. Forget Tenderloin as well because they do Kinks/Beatles next. Forget the Beatles because they completely head into Kinks land with "Seen It Before." Play name the influence as time and sound bytes fly by. **WHO'S TOMMY COOPER?** is good rock 'n' roll from start to finish. Based on the stacks of their CD appearing in larger stores big things are expected.

The Hollowbodies
Lame
Polydor Records

"Recorded Nov. & Dec. 1994"?? What the fuck is SLUG doing here? Well I don't know if this is an old album that's finally made it this far to the mighty Polydor and newly released, or if this has been a chew toy at the SLUG household for awhile and got lost under the couch. Either way, the songwriter here is pretty

consistently dealing with his personal pain at not being able to make any relationship that he's ever been in work. God bless him, he sings for the common man. We have some great moments of lyrical angst on this album, some great lines in almost every song that get right to the heart of the matter drunk and naked on the bathroom floor at three a.m. with no hope of getting her back and you know exactly where she is, at your best friend's house and it's true she said it's your fault and dammit it's all so true, at this point the only option is to clean up your act or roll over and die and you wish someone would just make the decision for you. I have no idea where this band is from 'cuz I got no bios, but I like to think they're from Arizona, untouched by modern music they're still cranking out plain old rock and roll, guitar riff based never gets too complicated and the lyricist is king. The lyrics are the reason to buy this album. If she's ever left you, if you've ever wanted her back knowing full well you're not worthy. Damn your spiteful little soul. The whole shebang is aptly named, you've got a hollow body and you're feeling lame.

—Capt. America

Independence Day
Soundtrack
RCA Victor

"Is the Independence Day soundtrack as good as Star Wars?" Get out of my face please. Is the water drugged, has the gene pool been damaged by too much in-breeding, isn't it time to get off Valium and onto Prozac? Salt Lake City has a higher per-capita incidence of stupidity than anyplace in the nation. The residents of this city are known to pull together during periods of disaster. The difficulty occurs when they go about their everyday lives. David Arnold composed the music for a movie. It is beautiful and stirring music. Much better than Celine Dion at the Olympics, or for that matter any time and place. All residents of the southern end of the Valley, who are employed in the northern end, are encouraged to buy the soundtrack for the commute. Maybe aliens will land

on the freeway during rush hour. Those in the northern end who work in either the southern or northern end are encouraged to buy the soundtrack and laugh at the commuters while the music causes heart-pumping emotion due to the highly patriotic nature. Sorry, I don't hear the patriotism, but the liner notes state that it is.

—Willem Smith

Doughnuts
Feel Me Bleed
Victory Records

Last year I caught this hardcore female group from Sweden & was blown away right from the start. None of these five beauties could have been older than twenty-one, but rocked out like devils on parade in alternative-metal hell! 'Feel Me Bleed' is a rough & ready listen, kicking you in the teeth to get your attention with no mercy from the beginning to end. I love the heavy Sabbath-like riffs & guitar work, but the high octave singing tends to grate on my nerves after awhile (which I don't remember bugging me when I was transfixed by their beautiful vocalist performing live!). So far apart from the so-called 'riot grrl' movement, these fantastic five are as tough sounding as any band out on the road today. I would love to find out their influences (Motorhead, Mercyful Fate, Celtic Frost...maybe?), but see them in a league of their own. Seeing is believing, but so is the power of the vinyl sound, so listen to it, man!

—Billy Fish

Refused
Songs To Fan The Flames Of
Discontent
Victory Records

Tough as hell & hard as concrete, this is my top pick of the month. No time to figure it out, this album comes on like a Spanish bull fight, brutally frank & somewhat surreal in its approach to politics & life. Dedicated to revolutionaries everywhere, this is a monster political speech, jammed to the gills with more left wing propaganda than a RATM show at Berkeley. The music is just as wild, straight out of left field at 100 miles an hour! Reminding

me of early NEUROSIS or even HELMET, this crunch quartet doesn't pull any stops along the way, ripping through each cut of the album with blinding intensity. I don't know where or how in Sweden they produce bands like this or DOUGHNUTS, but God bless them for doing it! You can't beat the combination of young, talented, & angry as a wounded brown bear for hardcore at its best. Get off your lazy ass & face the sound of the next revolution...it's finally arrived!

—Billy Fish



King Mackerel
& The Blues Are Running
Original Cast Recording
Sugarhill

Yet another example of a genre too seldom seen around here. As the title states this is an original cast recording. They snap the shit up like the morons they are when one of the tours hits town a decade after its peak popularity. Watch for the nationally touring cast about the same time as the Winter Olympics hit town. Meanwhile check out a recording containing everything from "beach" music to "surf" and "folk." The actors are all musicians and their music is an integral part of the show. Don Dixon, Bland Simpson, Jim Wann and Jim Brock bring life on the Carolina coast into living rooms everywhere with the recording. It is so far outside the mainstream that like I said, someone locally will catch on in ten years.

—Billy Cat

SKA The Third Wave
Volume 2
Shanachie

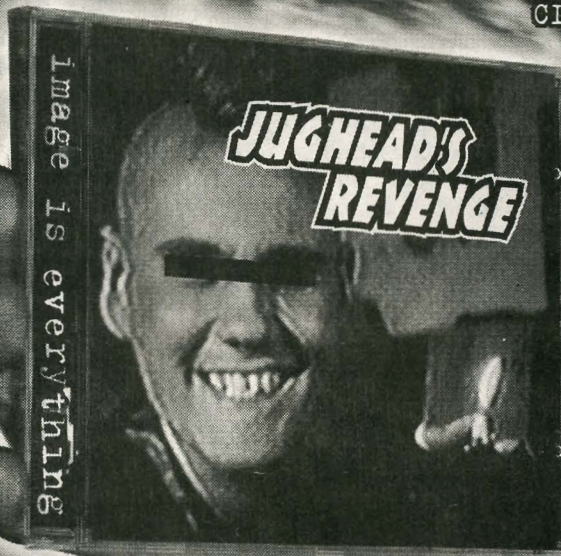
Another compilation CD, but jammed packed with up & coming ska bands, including a few local faces, like INSA-TIABLE (one of the few groups I can stand to see in Park City, I

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still live!). I'm not a huge fan of compilations, since they usually only highlight one strong song by a band without letting you get a good overall feel for their music, but this is a nice package of some strong performers to look out for in the future. Most notable (besides Insatiable) are REGATTA 69, MOCK TURTLE SOUP, & UNDERCOVER S.K.A., who all have some slamming cuts on the CD. Other than getting my vote for the cheesiest album cover artwork, this disc is a cool choice for a tasty sampling of some new kids on the corner & their music in the ska scene today, which is a strong example of the continuing saga of the ska scene that still exists & thrives everywhere. Don't just take my word for it, try it on for yourself & figure out who works the ropes the best in your book!

—Billy Fish

**Tales From The Crypt
Bordello Of Blood
Mercury**

The movie "is the twisted tale of a beautiful, blood-thirsty vampie queen who presides over a brothel." The opening and title track of the soundtrack is the anthem that will accompany Anthrax on their summer tour. They will play "Bordello Of Blood" live at Bricks. "Be afraid, be very afraid." The soundtrack continues with Kerbdog covering Public Image before retreating into glitter, bad metal and classic rock. "All Right Now," "Jailbreak," "Ballroom Blitz," "Deuce," "Still Loving You," "30 Days In The Hole," and "Love's Got Me Doing Time" all appear in their original versions by the original artists. The soundtrack closes with "From The Underworld," an obscure tune from an obscure band known

best to Peter Frampton collectors.
—Woody Wadroom

**Edna Swap
Chicken
Island Independent**

I tried listening to this EP a few times, & I don't know if it slightly entertains me or rubs me a bit on the wrong side. It has good & bad points equally. On the positive side the bluesy feel on most tracks doesn't hurt my feeling in the least bit. On the other end of the spectrum, the vocalist's disturbing similarity to MELISSA ETHERIDGE drives me right up the frigging wall! That whitebread, raspy female voice that sounds more like lack of control than a good, whiskey-drinking woman is too typical these days, especially in any honky-tonk along the Wasatch Front. Some of the jams are pretty cool, but predictable in the end. It almost seems like the harder side to adult contemporary radio than anything. If your older side is battling to buy a Cherokee over the more youthful wishes of a bitchin chevelle, then that mentality might be persuaded to drop this disc in the chosen vehicle's stereo. Middle of the road with one foot on either side of the line, it calls for a personal choice that must be decide alone, especially so others won't tease you with your selection in the end!

—Billy Fish



**Long Fin Killie
Valentino
American Recordings**

How many good CDs were released this month? Long Fin Killie have yet another. Sounds like someone is using an acoustic bass again. That big beat leads things off. Long Fin Killie are another band taking a variety of past influences into the pre-

sent because along with acoustic bass there is a cat blowing a sax. Lounge, R&B and old fashioned tempo are always good for starting an audience jitterbugging.

Not content with bass and saxophone the band adds such disparate elements as glockenspiel, violin, hammer dulcimer, bazuki, and piano strings to the mix. Throw world beat into the description. The vocals are breathy, the rhythms move from swing to international and the dependence on acoustic instrumentation would appear to eliminate this band from the "alternative" rock category, but they do that too. I'm not privy to the marketing plan. I've read enough to make one up. "A sampler cassette leads the program off with a full service mailing to all Triple A and college stations. As the release date approaches ads are placed in publications targeting the alternative audience. A CD single of 'Kitten Heels,' backed by 'A Thousand Wounded Astronauts,' including remixes, reaches 'alternative' rock stations one week before release. 'Godiva' is targeted to Americana radio with a corresponding phone campaign and shortly after the release a full package is mailed to AOR & Adult Contemporary." Stylistically the album covers a lot of territory. Everything from "trance" and "world" to roots and "alternative." Since most of the "hot" releases all sound the same that is good.

**Spot
Ardent Records**

This is what straightforward rock is all about! What bands like Soundgarden & AIC think they're doing, is really what Spot is doing with this latest example of the fresh sound of metal-inspired music. Where everyone else is running the punk-influenced thing to bloody death, these guys are taking the few good things from 70's rock (strong guitar, blues-base, & harmony), & transforming it into a strong 90's sound that is heard too few & far between. The drumming is simple, but hard hitting like a baseball bat. Mixed to near perfection, this album is a true tour de force of basic good times rock & roll, in the tradition of THIN LIZZY & GAMMA. I

don't know how many teenagers will dig it, but anyone that lived in the late 70's or any of the 80's will pick out the best parts of the old school music that is gaining dust now on vinyl, but still bring nostalgia to the surface once again. Try it on for size & see if you can feel the old days creeping in like the old yearbook slapping in the memories back in your cerebrum.

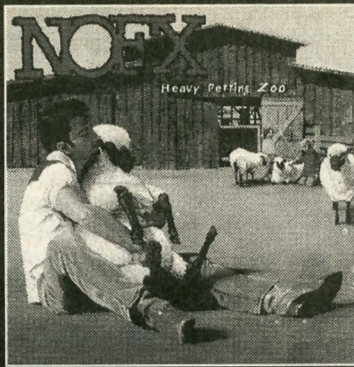
—Billy Fish

**The Cows
Old Gold 1989-1991
Amphetamine Reptile**

Oooh! Owwww! It sounds like an electric eel stuffed down my ear. Sorry Ben. The Cows greatest hits has just hit the shelves for musical connoisseurs everywhere. You have to be a connoisseur because this isn't even music. It's a disc of noise. From one track to the next the noise becomes more and more irritating until the listener is prompted to turn it up loud enough to destroy the entire stereo system. I can't take any more of the droning, I'm going to break everything in my house. I'm going to pull all of the hair from my body. I'm going to put it all in one big pile and light a fire. I'm going to listen to the Cows greatest hits with the stink of human hair incense.

After about four songs I decided to join in. Stealing the guitar from the offspring's bedroom, a saucepan, a wooden spoon and the old cow horn we used to call the troops in Boy Scouts I plugged in and played along as a Cows one-man tribute band. After a pint of Jim Beam it sounded good enough for Bluffstock. Watch for the Cows tribute band as you enter the Fairgrounds. Throw some change in the guitar case and I'll sing my favorite "Bum In The Alley." That is...if I can find the money for a new guitar, a new amplifier, a new wooden spoon and a new saucepan. I busted all of them to climax the living room show with "Peacetika." The cow horn still works. Please request the "organic" version of "Taps."

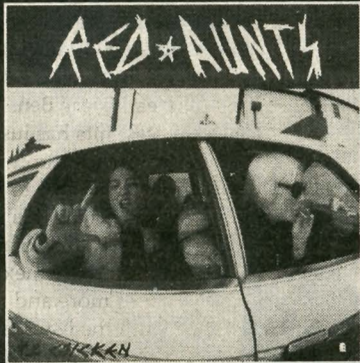
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BACK AND I'LL
STAB
YOURS**



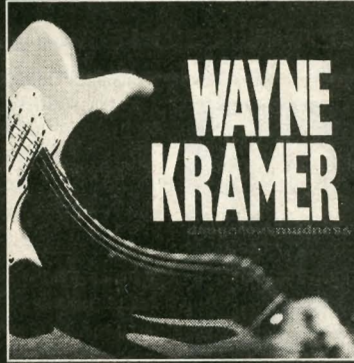
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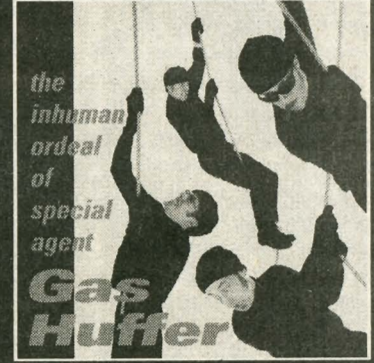
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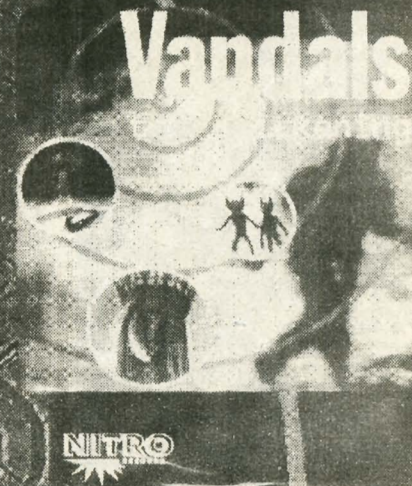
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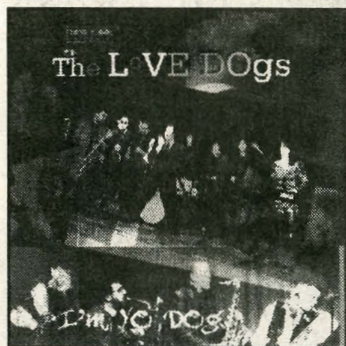


**Spazboy
Bladow!
Immune Records**

Break it down & find your sound, but take it all the way downtown! This is the motto these young lads should use, playing fresh punk right on the mark without any hype, just pure energy. I missed them last time they came around, & after hearing this album, I know I really missed out. Coming somewhat from the earlier GREEN DAY vein(stop groaning, punk purists!), this is fun juvenile rock & roll that hits the spot that's always wet & hot! Not a lot of production or equipment change, just ballsy chords with a speed demon rhythm section, this boys are tight as a vice without losing their loose feel for a cool jam. Singing from the heart of the youth, the sincerity for displacement & insecurity is easily felt in the lyrics of Spazboy, with the backing of a crunchy trio that knows their field of young punk. Familiar without being predictable, Spazboy is ready to break out of obscurity into the bigger scope of the growing punk scene nationwide with their latest album of poppy power.

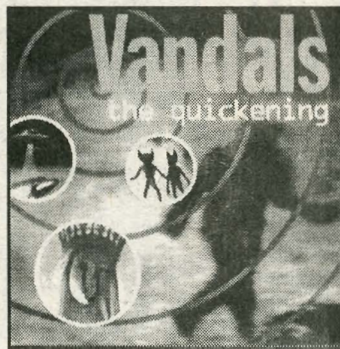
—Billy Fish

**The Love Dogs
I'm Yo Dog
Tone Cool**



The Love Dogs are a dance band. The music they play is R&B. That doesn't mean Tevin Campbell or Gloria Gaynor. The R&B this combo blasts out is closer to the '40s and '50s than modern ballads or disco. Swinging, jumping jive music for ballroom dancing and that doesn't mean waltzing. There are seven pieces, three of them horns and a piano is included. Alcohol, double entendres, good love, bad love and a couple of slow dancing numbers fill any room with happy times. At least as good as Roomful Of Blues. Mosh to this all of you boys in the uniform.

—WKK



**The Vandals
The Quickenin'
Nitro Records**

This has been a great summer for punk releases, & this album is no exception. Playing out of the same fun/comedy vein as NOFX & GUTTER-MOUTH(Two bands they have toured with anyway!), the Vandals tongue-in-cheek humor is biting & hilarious! Songs like 'marry Me' & 'Tastes Like Chicken' Had me slapping my knee like a country hillbilly watching reruns of Hee Haw! But even better is the Steve Jones-style guitar that puts more push in the distortion than most amps can handle on a long road trip. If you suckers haven't caught this band live, I got to wonder how you live with your pathetic selves? Is it hard? They were here this last month & kicked out the punk jams to an admiring crowd that was 'in it to win it' as well as the band. Don't worry, they're usually slipping through the 'Holy Land' every so often, so catch them next time, losers! In the meantime, get your daily allowance of punky vitamins with this speed session of crunch & punch that will have

you stomping in heat with the greatest of ease.

—Billy Fish

**The Melvins
Stag
Atlantic**

The Melvins will return to Salt Lake City on August 6, one street day after SLUG. Go see them! The latest in their series of uncomfortable albums is STAG. The Melvins are a creative trio. That is the one reason their progeny have gone on to bigger fame and fortune. On the new one there isn't a formula. Death metal is followed by death metal with horns and the journey begins. Minimal percussion and bass backs spoken word before the synths arrive. Heavy alternates with quiet as the Melvins use the Seattle influence as the basis for their music. Oppie Taylor whistles to introduce a folk/rock number complete with psychedelic passages. Oh, those Melvins. The last time they appeared at Saltair they damaged hearing and drove most of the crowd onto the beach. Experiments into the noise realm are combined with the metal and folk/rock already discussed.

Their song "Soup" is the sound of it cooking. "Buck Owens," the rockabilly legend, finds the Melvins playing speed metal and once again they can't do it straight. By this point the listener is accustomed to the experiments. They act as interludes before the next billy club blow. "Skin Horse" is another trick. "Captain Pungent" is the most commercial thing found. The CD closer is a fucked up country blues and the Melvins are revealed as completely incapable of creating anything to save the troubled record industry. By all means enjoy them live.

—An Ex-Bart Shopper

**Pop Sickle
C/Z Records**

I love the Northwest! All you dips know that! One of the first shows I ever saw in the Emerald City, these guys ripped the stage up with heavy riffs & drumming that banged the gong, BIG STAR-style. Getting no credit from fans or critics(besides yours truly!), Pop Sickle has been playing the five buck venues for

ever just to pay the bills. I really don't get it! Take their latest endeavor for example. This is what today's punky pop is all about! Melodic vocals chasing a mean guitar that wants to win the musical foot race, this album is a subtle blend of catchy lyrics & crunchy axes that plant themselves deep in your cerebrum for endless enjoyment. Try to imagine the POSIES & JAWBREAKER genetically entwined, & this is the nugget that will emerge as the musical score. Paced to the gills with memorable tunes that need to be heard, this is the underdog of the summer releases. Well-rounded without losing it's edge, get this hot dish & savor the experience yourself.

—Billy Fish



**The Smears
Like Hell
Cargo/Headhunter**

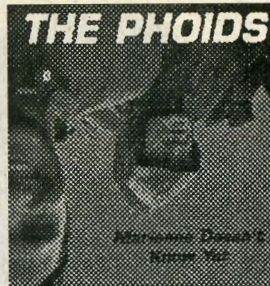
Imagine yours truly reviewing a CD from Cargo/Headhunter. Their publicist, Brian "Bitchy" Spivak, won't send a fucking thing my way, but I have friends. As everyone knows the Smears are an all-female band. They play punk rock like so many all-female bands. On the new one they've learned to play their instruments better than they demonstrated with the first. "Man In Black" sounds like the Ventures playing with an early version of the Go Gos. Oh, that guitar doesn't sound like surf? Check out the Deadbolt review. Actually the new record is a little unexpected. These girls nearly caused me to lose my lunch while listening to *Love is fer Suckers*. If they keep recording little pop prettiness like "I Hope You're Happy," a major label might discover them and attempt to market them to the "alternative" nation. They'll need to tone down the song titles

THE PHOIDS

From my ass comes many wondrous things, take for instance, shit. Shit is stinky, squishy, and it doesn't smell very good, but it's not something you should put in a CD player. So why do so many people put shit in their CD player? Well?

"Marianne Doesn't Know Yet"
The latest release from THE PHOIDS, this is definitely not Shit, bitch!!

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-Magnet



Photo: Lizard Music circa Lobster T

"now" for the
"first" "time"
"ever" the
"legendary"
"1993" "lost"
"Lizard Music"
"demo tape"
"Lobster T"
"direct" from the
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and remove the bare breasted she-devil from the cover. "I'm A Whore," "Not Fucking Happy," and "Cheat Or Boyfriend" won't make it through a major label promotion department. Or will they? Hello you indie label lovers. Cargo is distributed by CEMA. If I'm not mistaken they are one of the big six involved in a class action lawsuit for price fixing. The only song I can relate to is "I'm A Whore." If I were an actual whore I'd have jumped off this stinking ship ten issues ago. Now your task is to go find the Smears at Media Play, Future Shop, Blockbuster or Circuit City.

—Caine

MoonShake
Dirty & Divine
C/Z Records

Man does not live by Punk alone. Neither should boy or girl as well. This funky little number is a sweet reminder of all the other tasty morsels that are out there in 'indie-Land' that need to be sampled by y'all, & soon! Take the latest from Moonshake, which is a smooth ride that needs to be hitched, & incorporates a number of influential sounds, including jazz, R&B, & even Mid-Eastern grooves. If you dig STEREO LAB & SKY CRIES MARY, then this is the disc for your divine taste. In fact, MARY HANSEN of Stereolab helps out on vocals, laying down some silky-smooth sounds that make your spine tingle. Jams with amazing percussion grooves, this spacey piece is all up in making you kick back & put the shades on with the warm sounds pressing down on you like the summer sun. As intoxicating as a Pakistani opium den on vacation, grab the musical pipe & breathe in some new life into your musical selections, which could always use a little

spice for good measure. I promise it will be a rush you'll dig all over!

—Billy Fish

The Vandals
The Quickenin'
Nitro

Circle up the punk rockers. The Vandals have a new album out. "The stupid fucking hippies, to stoned to see their lives are fucked-going with the flow - into the shitter they are sucked-and then they got these magic crystals don't do a god damn thing." Ride on, dude! The Vandals churn through 15 songs at a dizzying clip. The lyric sheet is a must for late night reading. Look at the song titles. "Marry Me," "Tastes Like Chicken" and "How (did this Loser get this job?)" are only three. There is a reason the Vandals are so popular in the underground. Biting lyrics that make fun of all manner of social institutions, highly melodic power punk and more fun than an entire library of "alternative" CDs. Hope you saw them at Fowl Friends. If not don't worry, they'll be back soon. Go buy the album and be careful not to trip on your chain or those big fucking pants.

—Willem Shakes Pier

Beck
Odelay
DGC

The funky little toehead is back with his fuzzy hip-hop grooves, & has everyone doing the big bootie shuffle. Years after his huge success on his major label debut release (and a slew of indie offerings), Beck is slapping out another wild combo of tasty morsels that is sure to please the pickiest of musical appetites. Crossing over every style as much as the BEASTIE BOYS on their usual Manhattan rompy-stomps, including funk, fuzz, & folk-rap, Beck is the master of the new genre of melting pot musicians. Showing the influence of a major city's effect on the musician that draws from cultural & ethnic diversity, Odelay is a wide arrangement of sound & lyrics that are too addictive to be legal. MTV & most 'alternative' stations are already beating to death

the first single, 'Where It's At' but don't let you become cal-lused to the rest the set he kicks out on this CD. This new album is a tour-de-force of raunchy rhythms & slapping words, catchy as a cold in Antarctica. Mixing it up with no holds barred, this is the shit that needs to hit the mainstream fan more often. Catch a piece of it for yourself!

—Billy Fish

Tom Paxton
Live For The Record
Sugarhill

A famous folk singer gives it up in a live setting. The opening songs all address sordid events played up by the news media. Bobbitt, Butafucko, Harding and Jackson/Presley are all targets. After the session Paxton sticks to what he does best, folk singing in an acoustic setting. Many famous acoustic musicians join him on one or more songs. I've never been a huge Paxton fan, but the CD comes off quite well.

—Tex

Gluestick
Type 12 Enclosure
Locus Of Control Records

Ripping up the place like a wild tornado of noise, the only thing left to do is sit still & try to grab hold of this little bite of sonic turmoil. Reminding me a lot of bands like BAILTER SPACE & MY BLOODY VALENTINE, this noisy trio can play as muddy & distorted as the rest of the fuzz pack. The difference, though, is their ability to slow it down & play some gentle acoustics & rhythms with a great deal of validity, without creating format filler. But just when you get used to the soft notes emanating from your speakers, the roof is blown right off with more angry fury spewing forth from the rest of the CD. An album meant to be played loud & in its entirety, this is not a collection of songs, but of highly-charged emotions. Flowing across the noise spectrum like a runaway flood, it's easy to get swept away with it as it takes your full attention to gather all this angry guitar & stirring lyrics. Spend a night in a dark room with your headphones & get a taste of a

true 90's band that will be going places with a sonic boom & ear-shattering downpour.

—Billy Fish

Torcher
Your Word Against Fire
Tim/Kerr

I caught on to Torcher late. Their last album, **THE BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS OF...**, just reached my ears a few short months ago. I thought the album was one of the most astounding things I'd ever listened to. The new one is already out and the band is new. Paula Keyth remains. She is now joined by Kevin Friedman on guitar and Christopher Douglas on drums. Keyth is the vocalist/bassist.

Place the CD in the player and take a nap. One way to discover a great piece of music is to have it infiltrate daylight dreams. Torcher is a perfect dream band. Not dream pop, dream. The music backing the singer is heavy. Countless bands spend months in a studio attempting a textured effect. Torcher records for a small label. They didn't have months or millions and the textured nature of the music shines. "I Want More" rocks along in a fashion-of-the-moment manner. Grunge with a female in front. "Hollowman" follows with an entirely new mood. The boys bang away as Keyth wails. Girl singers are all the rage, how about the praise heaped down on Garbage? Torcher has a girl singer and an edge. A brilliant, noisy, pop band soon to be on the tip of everyone's tongue. Whatever happened to Pond?

—Wa

Neil Young w/ Crazy Horse
Broken Thumb
Reprise

Surprise! Another album from the old man of back-door feedback. Always making music without much time to relax, Neil Young has been pushing out albums almost every year of his amazing career since day one. This is one man who loves what he does, & isn't going to sit around on his rump while the rest of the music world passes him by. 'Broken Arrow' isn't anything new (What do you expect from Crazy Horse?), but i

is classic Young feedback & power in the vein of 'Cinnamon Girl' that is infectious with its dinosaur stomps that still are true kickers. I've never been able to get enough of Young's Les Paul monster sound, which sounds as good today as it did almost thirty years ago. Making tunes that sound like they should be played either in a garage or biker bar, Neil & the boys are just having fun, playing their brand of rock & roll that has become a staple for classic rock stations coast to coast. Still the Captain of Crunch let Neil take you for a walk down by the river & remind you of why he is still the master of rocking in the free world.

—Billy Fish



Tracy Nelson
Move On Rouser

Boy did I get it wrong with Rory Block's last album. I thought she was headed for major Triple A stardom with the most commercial release of her career. The boredom of the format has now fully revealed itself. They are as afraid of coloring outside the lines as any other '90s format. Let's see what happens with Tracy Nelson. She's had a problem with formats for years. No one can conveniently place her music. Much like Block Nelson enlisted the help of some friends for her new one. Maria Muldaur, Bonnie Raitt, Phoebe Snow, Al Kooper and Delbert McClinton all appear. The CD is patented Nelson featuring everything from New Orleans to blues to country. Kind of like an old Mother Earth record. Don't expect to hear it on the Mountain, there's new Clapton "product" to push. Tune in to KRCL and buy the CD for a taste

of why Salt Lake City will never be a major metropolis. One tiny radio station with a sense of adventure is all there is.

Wesley Willis
Fabian Road Warrior
American Recordings

Wesley Willis will release a new album on August 13. After a listen or two to the advance cassette it is difficult to determine where the CD will be filed. Some songs on the tape cause laughter hard enough to draw tears. What a way with a verse. Willis doesn't know very many guitar chords. He plays the same song over and over and only changes the lyrics. He doesn't change all of them. He might repeat the same exact words, or he might move the words around in a different order. Every now and then he'll insert a slogan from a television commercial. The tape lasts about an hour. Imagine the concept! The exact same guitar pattern is repeated again and again. Does it sound tedious? Not at all. It's charming and hysterical. The album name has to refer to Willis' referencing an entire list of his favorite or not so favorite musicians. Tripping Daisy, Alanis Morissette, Porno For Pyros, Brutal Juice, Loud Lucy, Silverchair and others receive a Wesley Willis live concert review.

Is it comedy, rock, singer/songwriter or experimental? After finishing with Alanis he takes on Saddam Hussein. The song is titled "Rock Saddam Hussein's Ass" and it is a variation on Willis' theme of rocking. He also includes "Rock The Nation," "Ward My Rock Music Off" and "Rock It To Russia." He loves to rock. Wesley Willis rocks all over his new album. Rock on Wesley. Everyone deserves at least one listen to this work. Try Future Shop.

—Steeb

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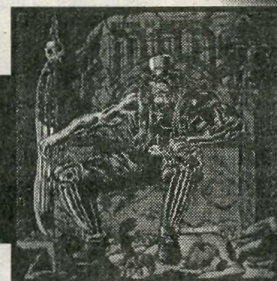
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BY JOHN FORGACH

STUCK MOJO

Violated
Century Media

Stuck Mojo just put out a 6 song EP to please all of you Stuck fans until their next CD. If you haven't heard SNAPPIN' NECKS yet, then you just don't know what your missing. VIOLATED contains 3 new tunes, a cover of Sabbath's, "Sweet Leaf", and two live songs. Song four, "Pizza Man" is a tribute to two of the members previous employment with Pizza Hut. Stuck Mojo combines some of the heaviest, thickest guitar work around, with the rhythmic flow of



rap lyrics. The band also has the coolest, death backing vocals I've ever heard, courtesy of guitarist Rich Ward. I was told a while ago Stuck Mojo might make it to Salt Lake again.

SOULGRIND

A Whole Can Of Whoop Ass
Rorschach Records

I just received Soulgrind's, *A Whole Can of Whoop Ass* from Mesa, Az.'s Rorschach Records. I can't tell you a lot about the group because I don't know anything about them, and because I either lost (whoops) or never got their bio. What I can tell you is Soulgrind sounds like they've spent some time tempering a hardcore background with with some serious metal chops. This cd has a distinct crossover hardcore/metal feel. The disc only clocks in at just over 21 minutes, so maybe it should have been called *A Whole 1/2 can of Whoop Ass*. Whatever it's called, you should check it out.

PRONG

Rude Awakening
Epic

I feel obligated for some reason to let you know what I

think about this CD, now that William Athey has already reviewed it. I don't know about you, but I never know what in the hell he's talking about anyway. Since this one has already been out for a while, all I have to say is this is by far the best thing Prong has done since BEG TO DIFFER. The band has been struggling in the

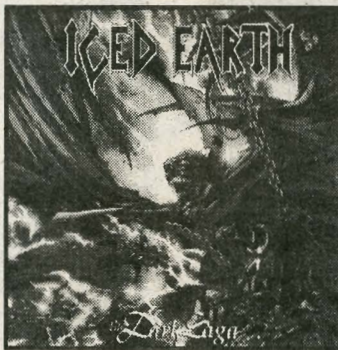
world of industrial metal for the past couple of years, but they nailed it this time. I really, really like RUDE AWAKENING.

NEVERMORE
In Memory
Century Media

Does anyone out there remem-

ber the band Sanctuary from about 7 or 8 years ago? Early hype for the band was fueled by the fact that they were discovered by Dave Mustaine of Megadeth. Dave also did a solo or two on their first album and some of the backing vocals. Anyway, after the band's second album INTO THE MIRROR BLACK, they disappeared. What I remember most about the

band is that the singer Warrel Dane could sing his ass off. (Now we're going to jump into the present...Hold on.) Singer Warrel Dane and bassist Jim Sheppard of the now defunct band Sanctuary have formed the band Nevermore. The band will be releasing their full length THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY in October. I haven't been given an exact date yet. The band is currently releasing a five song EP which includes a new tune, three older demo songs, and a medley of Bauhaus's "Silent Hedges / Double Dare".



M.O.D.

Dictated Aggression
Megaforce

The band almost everyone has a reason to hate, M.O.D. (Method Of Destruction) is back with DICTATED AGGRESSION. These guys aren't prejudice, they really do hate everybody. M.O.D. started out as S.O.D.

(Stormtroopers Of Death) back in 1986. That band featured Charlie and Scott from Anthrax.

Throughout M.O.D.'s existence, the band has revolved around frontman Billy Milano. All songs on DICTATED AGGRESSION were written by Mr. Milano, and it seems he took a different approach this time. The

song writing is more serious.

Gone are the days of such classics as "Aren't You Hungry", "Spandex Enormity", and "Clubbin' Seals". Most of the songs on D.A. deal with heavier subjects such as war, American pride, violence, etc. I guess Billy wants to be known as a legitimate musician, instead of being the "Weird Al" of thrash metal.

ICED EARTH

The Dark Saga
Century Media

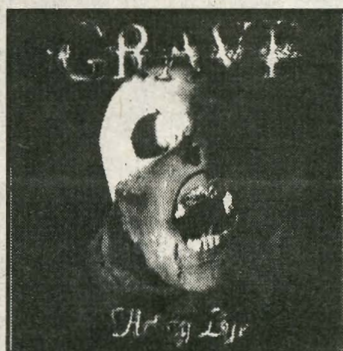
Tampa, Florida's Iced Earth are releasing their fourth full length album, THE DARK SAGA.

The band continues on with their form of melodic metal. At the same time, the members of Iced Earth still leave room to shift into overdrive and really rock. I see that the band has Keith Menser on bass. I used to go check out his last band Mystic Force around the Delaware area. The Force ruled. THE DARK SAGA was written around the comic book character Spawn. Artwork for the cover was contributed by Spawn creator Todd McFarlane.

GRAVE Hating Life

Century Media

The band Grave is one of many bands that lead the death movement back in the early 90's. Unlike many bands from that time and genre, Grave is still around. While listening to HATING LIFE, the reasons for the band's longevity become evident. Graves ability to mature musically, adapt to band members changing, and an over-all refined sound is what has separated



them from most of their earlier competition. HATING LIFE is the fourth full-length output from this Swedish band. You'll be doing anything but "hating life" while listening to this one.

EXHIBIT EIGHT
New West Records

If you like me, every now and then you like to pull yourself away from the dark, sludge-filled grip that really good death/grind metal has on your soul. During those rare moments, I pull out my Fates Warning lps and feel like I'm expanding my horizons. Luckily I was in such a mood when I listened to New West Record's release of the band Exhibit Eight. The band's melodic feel is a product of solid song writing. It's nice to hear a band that has guitarists that can play a really good solo. The rhythm section does it's job, and the singer, well, actually sings. Sometimes I have to remind myself that I honestly believe the guy from Carcass has a great voice. Anyway, good job guys. We'll be listening for future releases from E8.

ANCIENT *The Cainian Chronicle*
Metal Blade

I can stand about one song of this goth/black metal stuff, and that's it. Once the first song came to an end I sampled the intros to the rest of the songs, and sure enough, each song was pretty much the same. All of the songs have that flowery, orchestrated sound, with plenty of effects to make it sound real spooky. If your into this stuff, check it out. At least the production is pretty good.

—Forgach

DAILY CALENDAR

Monday, August 5

D. K. Stewart and the Stainless Steel Band - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, August 6

Sweet Loretta - *Ashbury Pub*

The Melvins - *Bar & Grill*

D. K. Stewart - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 7

Noco Joe - *Ashbury Pub*

Elvis Christ - *Burt's Tiki*

I-Roots - *Dead Goat*

Gluestick/Lugnut - *Holy Cow*

Troy Nielsen - *Oasis Cafe*

Junior's Farm - *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 8

Tree House - *Ashbury Pub*

Lifetime/Western/Model - *Bar & Grill*

Jack Mormons - *Burt's Tiki*

Sea of Jones/Pijamas De Gato - *Spankys*

Lost Elf - *Dead Goat*

Summer Jack - *Holy Cow*

Sky Bop Fly - *Zephyr*

Friday, August 9

Elbo Finn - *Ashbury Pub*

Salmon - *Bar & Grill*

Pepper Lake City - *Burt's Tiki*

Thirsty Alley/Fixater - *Spankys*

Back Wash - *Dead Goat*

Caroline's Spine/Pomegranate - *Holy Cow*

Honest Engine - *Liquid Joes*

Dash Hip Rock - *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 10

I Roots - *Ashbury Pub*

Accidental Tribe - *Burt's Tiki*

Jackmormons/Blanch/Loose/C

enter Groove - *Spankys*

Sweet Loretta - *Dead Goat*

Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*

Monster Mike Welch - *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 11

The Misfits/Amthrax/Life of

Agony/Cannibal Corpse -

Bricks

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Jerry Garcia Benefit Concert - *Zephyr*

Monday, August 12

Neurosis/Pitchshifter/Bloodier - *DV8*

Voo Doo Swing - *Liquid Joes*

Burning Spear - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 13

Adam and Kris - *Ashbury Pub*

Archers of Loaf/Spoon

Myth/Leavenworth - *Bar & Grill*

Big Mouth - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 14

Noco Joe - *Ashbury Pub*

Kristie McDonald - *Burt's Tiki*

H2O Murphys Law/Cleanx - *Bar & Grill*

8" /sj/vivebuers - *Dead Goat*

Emmett Swimming - *Holy Cow*

Troy Nielsen - *Oasis Cafe*

String Cheese Incident - *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 15

Lost Elf - *Ashbury Pub*

Melissa - *Burt's Tiki*

Sturgeon General - *Spankys*

Volunteer King- *Dead Goat*

Hopie - *Holy Cow*

Tongue and Groove - *Zephyr*

Friday, August 16

Back Wash - *Ashbury Pub*

Gigi Love Band - *Burt's Tiki*

PCP Berserker - *Spankys*

Wish/9 Spine Stickleback - *Holy Cow*

Fat Paw - *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 17

Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*

Strung Out/Diesel Boy/Trial - *Bar & Grill*

Pepperlake City - *Burt's Tiki*

Reverend Willie - *Spankys*

Booty Quake - *Holy Cow*

Salsa Brava - *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 18

Downset/H2O - *Bar & Grill*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Michael Lucarelli - *Oasis Cafe*

Joy Ely - *Zephyr*

Monday, August 19

Belmont Playboys/Voodoo

Swing - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 20

Megan Peters - *Ashbury Pub*

Wallflowers/ Patti Rothberg - *Spankys*

Aquarian Rescue - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 21

Noco Joe - *Ashbury Pub*

Alex & Zach - *Burt's Tiki*

Sturgeon General - *Dead Goat*

Simon Widowson - *Holy Cow*

Troy Nielsen - *Oasis Cafe*

Thursday, August 22

Spittin Lint - *Ashbury Pub*

Rattle Kings - *Burt's Tiki*

Avail/A.F.I./Blankshop/NSC - *Spankys*

Silt - *Dead Goat*

Dalcta Wildflowers - *Holy Cow*

Psychedelic Zombies - *Zephyr*

Friday, August 23

Blue Healer - *Ashbury Pub*

Beats at Burt's/Poetry - *Burt's Tiki*

DUI/Endless Struggle/Torn

Between - *Spankys*

Dolphin - *Dead Goat*

Tongue and Groove/Chili/Taft

Hotel - *Holy Cow*

Psychedelic Zombies - *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 24

ASA - My Dog Latka - *Ashbury Pub*

Mr. T Experience - *Bar & Grill*

Armed and Dangerous - *Burt's Tiki*

Sun Masons - *Spankys*

Accidental Tribe - *Dead Goat*

Opposable Thumb/1/2

Full/King Friday - *DV8*

Booty Quake - *Holy Cow*

Colobo - *Zephyr*

Sunday, August 25

Total Chaos - *Bar & Grill*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

The Lemmons - *Zephyr*

Monday, August 26

Mr. T Experience - *Spankys*

E. C. Scott Band - *Dead Goat*

Elliot Murphy - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, August 27

Kristie McDonald - *Ashbury Pub*

Alejandro Escovedo - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, August 28

NoCo Joe - *Ashbury Pub*

Kristie McDonald - *Burt's Tiki*

Sun Masons - *Spankys*

Spittin Lint - *Dead Goat*

Baboon - *Holy Cow*

Troy Nielsen - *Oasis Cafe*

Box Set - *Zephyr*

Thursday, August 29

Figurehead - *Ashbury Pub*

Alien Opera - *Burt's Tiki*

Coronation - *Spankys*

House of Cards - *Dead Goat*

Jonathan McQuen - *Holy Cow*

Friday, August 30

Sweet Loretta - *Ashbury Pub*

Decomposers - *Burt's Tiki*

Reverend Willie/Loose -

Spankys

Sun Masons - *Dead Goat*

Cradle of Thorns/Abstract -

Holy Cow

Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

Saturday, August 31

Loose - *Ashbury Pub*

Sturgeon General - *Burt's Tiki*

Sun Masons - *Spankys*

Muddlepuddle - *Dead Goat*

Booty Quake - *Holy Cow*

Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

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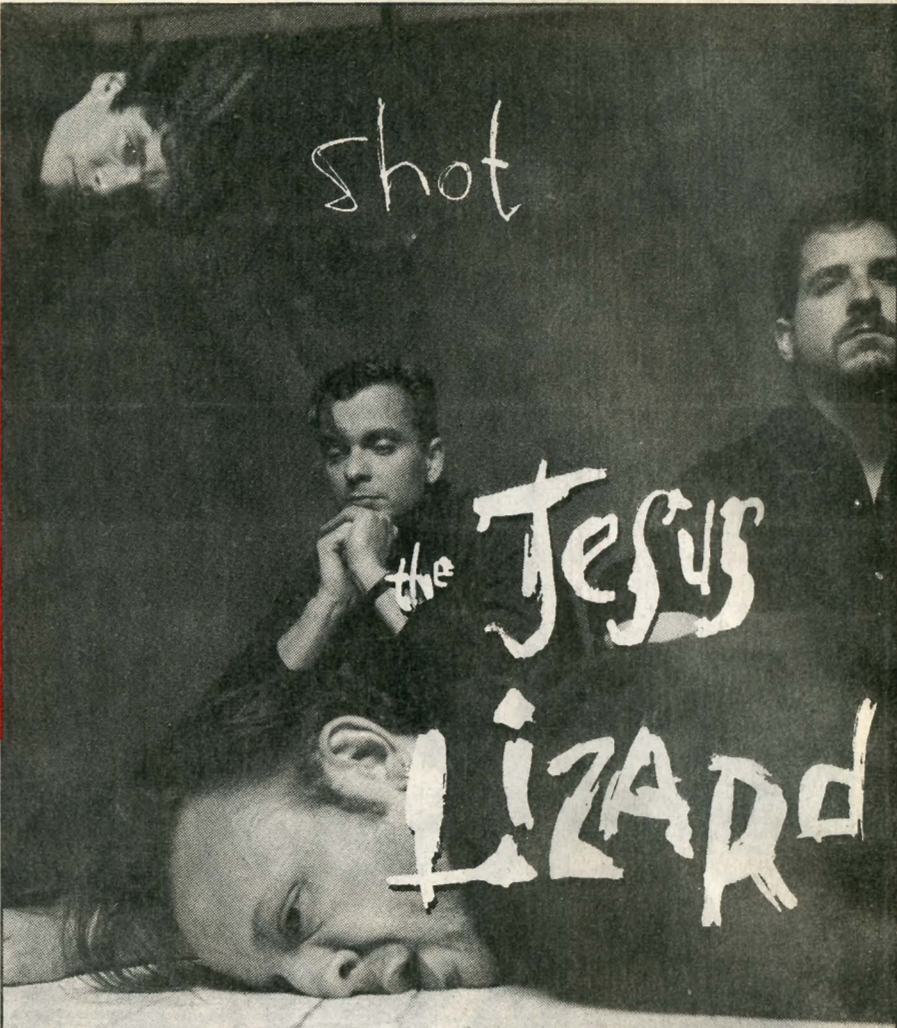
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